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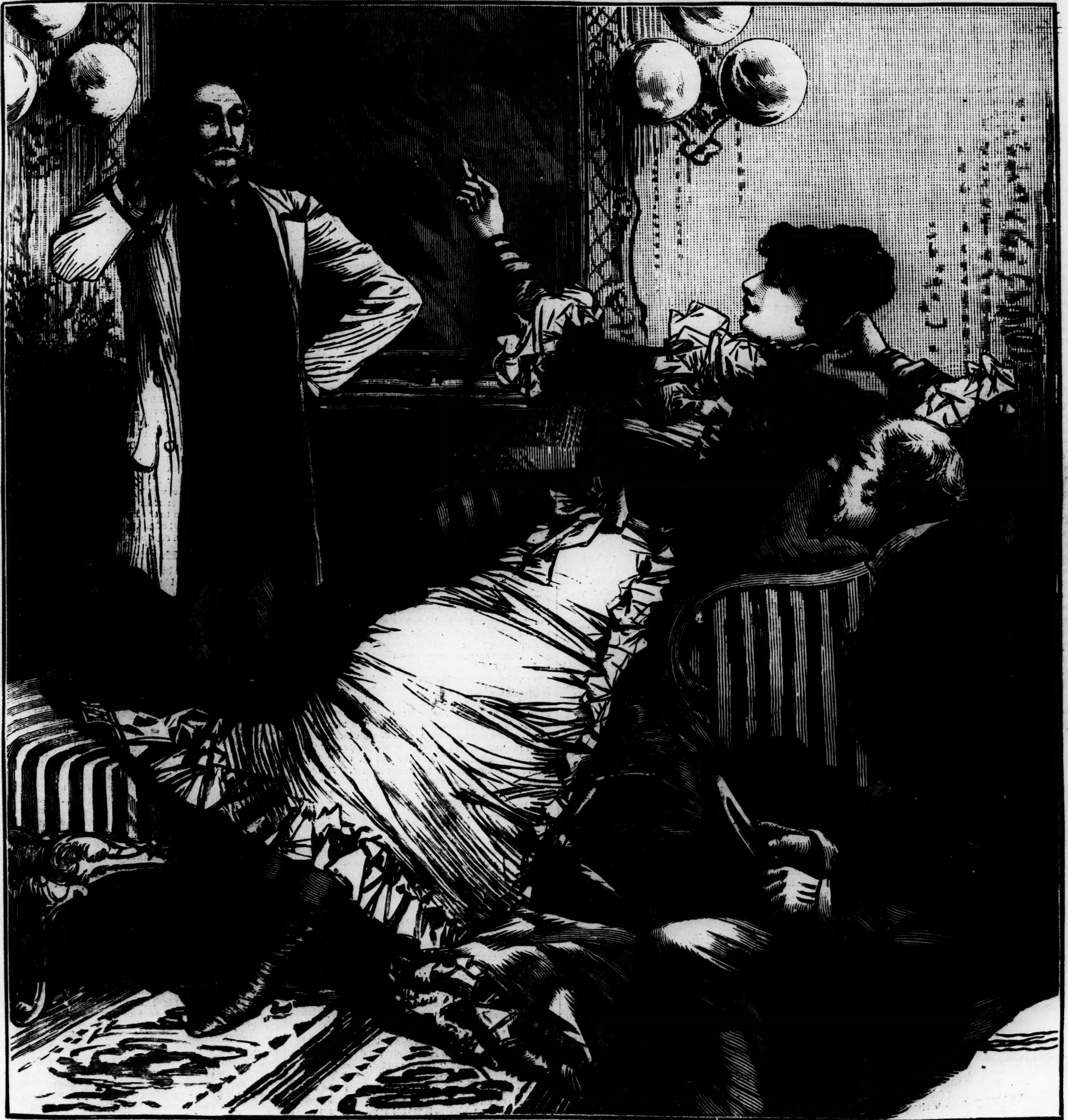
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

VOLUME XLIX—No. 482.
Price Ten Cents.



SHE PUT HIM THROUGH HIS FACINGS.

PRETTY MRS. PROFESSOR EMMONS, THE ALLEGED INTERNATIONAL CRANK WHOSE INSANITY IS BEING INVESTIGATED,
HAS A GOOD DEAL OF FUN WITH A COUPLE OF WASHINGTON DOCTORS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

A WISE ENGLISH MAGISTRATE.

Mr. Magistrate Saunders, at the London Thames Police Court, on Dec. 21, put his foot down with effect on the maudlin morality that of late years has done so much to repress arene sport in England. Smith and Knifton and about a dozen supporters were before him charged with being concerned in an intended prize fight for the championship of England. The defendants had been arrested in a van driven by an innocent-looking, leather-aproned fellow who was whistling merrily in the morning air, when the police pounced upon it and found the men comfortably seated in sundry packing cases. The defence was that no prize fight was intended nor made, one of them, Mr. James Goode, fish dealer of Bethnal Green, declaring that the money was only intended as an advertisement for some future boxing match. Goode further told the magistrate that the best thing for Smith and Knifton to do was to stay at home and not go to America to box people there to take the money out of their pockets—whatever he meant by that—and that a boxing association had been recently formed with the object of encouraging boxing, that sport Englishmen so dearly loved. Mr. Magistrate Saunders without paying much heed to the police solicitor, said that he had no doubt that a prize fight was intended, but he did not look with anything like horror on the prize ring, for in former days it had done a great deal of good among the common people. In the prize ring proper rules were laid down and these were conducted in a proper manner, and contrasted very favorably with the revolver, knife and stiletto encounters which were in vogue in some parts of the Continent. Prize fighting in its honest sense had been of immense benefit to England. He did not think the case should go any further, and at once discharged the defendants on their giving surety to keep the peace in \$40 each, which was at once tendered, and the defendants left the court in high feather at his worship's words of warm encouragement of the noble art of boxing, which were loudly applauded by the audience. This little speech of the Thames police magistrate has caused quite an excitement among all classes, and it is said will be the subject of question in Parliament when it meets in January. It is certainly the most surprisingly authoritative commendation of the sport given by a Government official since the palmy days of the ring.

SPANK THEM.

Guy Harris and Susie Walker, of Columbus, S. C., deserve a spanking. Susie is fourteen years old, and Guy two years her senior. The additional two years have added to his stature, but not to his wisdom. Susie is just the age to be of service about the house. She could wash the dishes, make the beds, and use a broom with the vigor of healthy childhood. Guy might build the fires, chop wood, drive the family carriage, and ultimately grow into man's estate.

It has pleased neither of these children to do as they should. The complaint is not that they played hooky from school, stole cookies, or tore their clothes in climbing the cow shed. Escapades of this sort are not serious or uncommon. But Guy and Susie got married. The fool-killer must have expected on his hands at finding a man authorized to perform the marriage ceremony and idiot enough to do it in this particular case. There is commotion in the Harris and Walker families. They do not know what to do. The infant alliance is a puzzle. While the law will doubtless be invoked, the law is slow. In the meantime something should be done to Susie and Guy. The voice of duty is loud and clear. Spank them.

In one day last week three women distinguished themselves as homicides. One shot and killed a burglar in Pennsylvania, another chopped her stepfather's head off in Georgia, and a third, who was exhibiting her new revolver to a friend in Kentucky, discharged it accidentally, killing a little child who was standing by. The only one of them who fainted was the one who shot the burglar.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

A sensation occurred the other Sunday night at the Olympic theatre, in Chicago, Ill. A man giving the name of John Campbell, clerk in a State street store, took a parquet seat well down in front for the purpose of enjoying a pleasant evening. He had just begun to laugh when a Gainsborough hat shut off his view of the stage. If he moved to one side or the other the hat bobbed in front, and do what he could without deserting his seat the hat was still there to obstruct his vision. He objected, when the wearer gave him a disdainful look, elongated her neck and her escort said something distasteful to him. Then he boiled over and jammed the hat down over the woman's eyes. The escort was quick to take his cue and the two men were soon struggling together in their seats and swearing lustily. Campbell flourished a razor, the woman screamed and a detective separated the belligerents. As Campbell was clearly the aggressor—barring the hat—he was locked up. Three razors were found on his person. To account for their possession he said his room-mate had frequently expressed suicidal intentions and he had taken them from the room when he went out as a precautionary measure. He was fined \$5 for disorderly conduct, which he paid with the remark that he would have been satisfied if he could have gotten "another swipe at that hat."

She was the leader of the ballet, and desiring to impress the crowd, she called up to the clerk at the window and wanted to know if there were any letters for her from the crowned heads of Europe. "Not to-day," responded the soulless mail clerk, "but here are fourteen from the bald heads of America."

Dion Boucicault has abruptly terminated his season and left his company in the lurch. They talk of suing. But suppose they get judgment—what then?

Manager Moore has sunk over \$6,000 on the road trying to make of Lillian Conway a star.

Lola Fuller, of the Bijou, caught Santa Claus napping and relieved him of more than a fair share of his goods. She received four boxes of oranges from her grove, near Tampa, Fla., and her father sent her a box of orange blossoms. Lola says that she is very sorry that she can't put the blossoms to their historical use, but that she is entirely wedded to her art, and has not yet met the man she considered fit to fill his place. Among her many presents was a magnificent gold watch, bearing her monogram in brilliants, and a pair of diamond earrings, each one weighing three and a half carats.

Every moment of the year companies are flying over the continent using all kinds of trains, freights, special and regular passenger trains, and yet up to date, in spite of the colossal aggregate of miles traveled, there is no recorded instance of the death of an actor in a railway accident. An advance agent was killed three years ago in a derailment near Indianapolis, a stage carpenter was dismembered in a collision near Cedar Rapids, Louise Pomeroy, Topsy Venu and Lillian Ashby (a niece of Mr. L. P. Ashby, of Savannah), three well known actresses, have been bruised and shaken up in other accidents that ungenerally spared the sterner sex, but confining the investigation to the class technically known as "actors," no fatality has yet been reported.

Everybody in New York is talking about the beauty of Miss Helen Hastings, whose photographs have begun to appear in the shop windows of the metropolis. If she can act as well as she can pose, she will be a "go."

One of the "Evangeline" girls says that when she gets on her short-waisted costume she feels like a pair of shears wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief. She is by no means the only ballet girl who presents very much such an appearance.

The lame excuse of the playgoer that he is just going out in the *entr'acte* to "see a man" is no longer necessary. The "man" can now be carried, without observation, in the pocket, and "seen," tasted and swallowed without exciting even a passing remark, or the slightest suspicion from the lady, and this, too, while the performance is going on upon the stage. An ingenious Yankee has invented what he calls "Vinous rubber grapes," which are thin rubber capsules filled and expanded to the capacity of a pony glass of whiskey, brandy, gin, or port, sherry or Madeira wines. The people who are reticent upon this novel method of drinking without being observed, say that "for orators, actors and singers" the capsules are "invaluable, owing to the unobserved manner in which they can be utilized to overcome fatigue from over-exertion." Of this I have not the slightest doubt, and I notice they are rapidly coming into fashion. The directions for use which accompany each box of "Vinous rubber grapes" are unique and well worth quoting at length. We are told, "When putting the grape into the mouth, press the lips tightly together, bend the head slightly forward, then crush the grape between the teeth or insert a pin or a toothpick between the lips and penetrate the grape. After swallowing the contents eject the skin." The last part of the instructions seem to be unnecessary.

A man with long hair applied at a certain Chatham street museum for a job.

"What can you do?" asked the manager.

"Work the Wild West racket," was the reply.

"Can you shoot?"

"Like a bird."

"Well, we'll call you 'Coyote Bill,' and give you an engagement for a week."

Ten minutes later the fellow was rigged out in the property suit of buckskin and beads and told to prepare for his turn.

"But I must have some potatoes to shoot at," yelled the scout.

A quarter was given him with which to purchase the spuds. He divided the money with the giver and put the museum's share in his own pocket. When it came his turn "to act" he leaped out on the stage and taking an off hand aim at a potato as big as a pomegranate, blazed away. The bullet lodged in the scenery. Not in the least disconcerted by his poor success, the Catherine Market scout inverted his rifle and shot from the top of his head. The missile buried itself somewhere in the rafters. He then tried the backward looking-glass shot, with no better success.

The audience were becoming boisterous when Bill raised his gun for the fourth time, but before he could pull the trigger a man with a hoarse voice exclaimed: "Git off'n that stage, you mutton-headed pudding. You wouldn't hit anything if you were to fall from a second-story building."

The scout leaped off the stage with a crushed air. Twenty minutes later he was telling a friend on the corner how he had "worked" the museum for a morning drink out of the potato deal.

Meanwhile, the real article, at Madison Square Garden, continues to boom.

Ed. Harrigan is one of the most rapid of successful playwrights, and as a rule completes his pieces before his scenic artist has finished his portion of the work necessary for their production. The present play, "The O'Reagans," was an exception to the rule. When the comedian was through writing the play he found that it only needed a day or so for the scenery to be painted and built. He began work on his new play, which is to follow "The O'Reagans," a few weeks since, and for the sake of finding out just what could be done in the line of rapid scene painting, he made a wager of \$200 with the scenic artist, Charles Witham, and his master mechanic, William Vall, that they would not have the scenes painted and built by the time he had finished writing the play. The only conditions were that Harrigan should deliver to his men the models of the scenes as well as all particulars regarding them before he put pen to paper, and that they on their part should employ not more than one regular assistant apiece. About two weeks since the race began, and it is evident that all of the parties to the wager are in dead earnest. Harrigan is devoting all of his time to his play, which he expects to have finished by Jan. 10, and is slightly in advance of the painted scenes, and the race bids fair to be a close and interesting one. Mart Hanley holds the stakes, and the public are backing their favorite every time.

I am glad that Judge Sheppard, of Chicago, concluded to release Jack Haverly from the clutches of the Gale and Spader bond piece. Without any reference to the legal questions involved, I am sure that Haverly himself is entitled to some consideration. No man in this country has ever worked harder or more earnestly to pay his debts than Haverly has. With a load on his back which would have utterly obliterated some men, he put his shoulder to the wheel, and within the past four years he has paid off about \$300,000 of his indebtedness. I think if he is let alone and given a fair chance he will eventually pay off every other obligation there is against him.

It is understood that Bertha Ricci is shortly to espouse a very worthy gentleman, who is endowed with enough of this world's goods to render him unwilling to let his wife contribute to their mutual support. Consequently, in deference to the views of her fiancé, the ruddy-haired Ricci has resigned, although her contract with Col. McCaul has yet a considerable time to run before its expiration, and the manager is unwilling to be deprived of her valuable services. She has acquired the sobriquet of "Ricci, the Reliable," and was one of that invaluable class who are always ready in an emergency.

A gentleman remarked the other day "I fear Miss Eastlake is going into consumption."

I asked him why he thought so.

"Well, you see," he said, "she looks so ghastly pale. I saw her play in 'Clit,' in Philadelphia, and she was so ghastly white that she absolutely looked like a marble statue."

I was very happy to assure the gentleman that Mr. Wilson Barrett's leading lady was in perfect health, and that the marble-like whiteness which so excited his commiseration, was caused by a cosmetic, of which she alone has the secret, and which she refuses to divulge to any one.

Talking of secret cosmetics, poor John McCullough told me a good story of himself, about four years ago, in this regard. He had been to see Salvini when the great Italian was playing his first engagement in New York, and quite a friendship sprang up between the two. John was most anxious to get from the Italian the secret of the preparation which gave him that realistic, Moorish complexion in his *Othello* and ultimately he obtained the secret. It seemed that the chemicals, whatever they were, could not be removed by ordinary soap and water, after the performance, but that some other chemicals had to be used to remove the color. John got both recipes and opened an engagement in "Othello" at the California theatre, when he returned from New York. He put on the color all right and went through his performance. But when it was over and he was about to send to the drug store to get the stuff to remove his color he found that he had lost the recipe, and though search was made in his dressing-room high and low, it couldn't be found. Nothing would remove the color, and John had to play *Othello*, as far as his complexion was concerned, all that night and until about eleven o'clock the next day when a telegram giving the recipe was received from Salvini.

When an artist begins to slip down the ladder, the rounds seem greased for the occasion. Maud Granger is playing in little halls to a 10 cent admission. There are no other ladies in the company, the female characters being taken by female impersonators. The orchestra she carries consists of a bass drum, a piano, and a fiddle.

Irving is coming back for more American money next season, as he has leased the London Lyceum to Mary Anderson from September.

Sweetnam has "a puddin," as the boys say. He gets \$125 per week from Dockstader, and is only on the stage about thirty minutes each night.

Ballet dancing is a pretty good business when you once get the hang of it. Thus Maure, the exponent of the Spanish fandango, gets \$10,000 a year, Rosatti gets \$12,000 and Subra \$6,000. That's better, by several thousands, than going to Congress, or even being President of a University.

The McCaul Opera Company will produce the new opera, "Indiana," by Audran, now running in Philadelphia, at the Star Theatre. The libretto is by H. B. Farpie, the only English writer who has collaborated with a foreign composer.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Something Dropped.

We illustrate on another page an amusing incident which occurred at Fort Keogh, Mont., during John L. Sullivan's visit there. A big, brawny Cornish miner undertook to stand up before the champion for four rounds. When he woke half an hour afterwards he asked how heavy the fall of ore had been.

A Disagreeable Ride.

Miss Anna Barber, of Akron, Ohio, was sitting alone in a cutter, which was drawn up by the sidewalk, when two racing horsemen drove furiously down the street from behind her. The thrill of one of the cutters struck Miss Barber on the side, glanced off, went through her sealskin sacque, and she was carried over the dashboard, over her horse's head, and some rods along the street, dangling from the thill of the racing cutter. She was not seriously injured.

In the Hands of Lynchers.

A mob from Stockville, Nebraska, went the other night to the residence of Henry Pohre, a few miles in the country, intending to lynch him. He had made himself obnoxious as a witness in a lawsuit. It was also charged that he had attempted an assault on a woman living near his farm. The mob dragged Pohre from his residence with a rope about his neck. Pohre protested his innocence, and the mob, in the absence of positive evidence, decided not to hang him. Pohre, after being horribly maltreated, was left under a tree in a dying condition. A doctor pronounced his recovery hopeless.

A Battling Main.

The great cocking main, \$100 each battle and \$2,000 the odd fight, between Sledge & Hanna's Arkansas Travelers and F. E. Grist's strain of Shawl Necks of Fort Gaines, Georgia, was decided in a large tent recently at Fort Gaines. Twenty-one cocks were shown and nineteen matched. The Georgia fowls won by three battles. The most important battle was the eleventh. It was between the pick of the two divisions. Arkansas pitted a blue red, weighing five pounds three ounces, named John L. Sullivan, while Grist pitted a black red. The latter was Grist's famous and favorite cock named Richard K. Fox, in honor of the editor and proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. Large sums were wagered. Richard K. Fox had decidedly the advantage, and won amid great rejoicing. John L. Sullivan's wing was broken during the encounter. The tournament lasted one week, and over three hundred hack battles were fought.

She Had the Nerve.

Clarence McMasters and Henry English, 11 and 12 years old, while playing on the Hudson the morning of Jan. 3, near Grand View, N. Y., loosened from its fastenings the ice boat of Mr. Albert Scudder, hoisted the sail, and were soon speeding over the smooth ice. They did not know how to manage the boat. The only gap in the broad frozen surface of Tappan Bay was a channel about fifty feet wide 100 yards from the shore. The boys were carried rapidly toward the open water. Fifty feet away from the channel McMasters jumped, and got off with a few cuts and bruises. A moment later English was carried over the edge into the icy water.

The proceedings of the boys had been watched by Miss Ellie Mortimer from a window in her home on the river bank. She was alone with her mother in the house. Miss Mortimer hurried down stairs, got a clothes line, and ran to the rescue. English when she reached him was still clinging to the boat. Miss Mortimer threw him the rope and hauled him out.

Monkey Hunting in Church.

There was a lively hunt after a ringtail monkey in Grace Church, Providence, R. I., the other morning. "Ben Butler" is the name by which the animal is known, and his regular habitation at present is a dime museum near the church, which is the seat of the Bishop of Rhode Island, and one of the finest houses of worship in the city. The monkey made his appearance in the church just as the janitor was opening the edifice for morning service. Possibly, by some instinct not yet discovered in the monkey tribe, he had come to the knowledge that the noted man for whom he was named is a member of the particular branch of the Christian Church represented by the usual congregation, and he wanted to show some appreciation of the obligation resting upon him in his name. But Ben was not wanted there. It was felt that the services would do him no good, and would have a better effect upon the congregation if he were expelled. Six policemen aided the janitor in the effort at expulsion. Other people assisted. The chase was a tantalizing one. Ben clambered up pillars, clung to cornices, explored the grand organ and was everywhere except within reach. Pistol practice was suggested, but the suggestion was rejected. Strategy promised better results. Cookies and candies were employed with seductive effect. The monkey sought the tempting viands and found himself ambushed.

Judge Bleckley's Stolen Shirt.

A curious story is told of Judge Bleckley, of Atlanta, Ga. A short time ago, as the story goes, a negro man servant stole one of the judge's shirts. The judge suspected him, but said nothing. The negro's fears were allayed and he had about forgotten the theft. One morning while in his bath Judge Bleckley determined that the time for action had come. He rang the bell for the servant. When the negro appeared Judge Bleckley arose suddenly from the bathtub and, quickly extending his long fingers, dripping with water, said in a voice of thunder: "You stole my shirt." The negro dropped as though he had been shot and remained motionless upon the floor. Judge Bleckley got out of the bathtub, approached him and found that he had fainted and was then unconscious. Applications of hartshorn revived the negro, and he confessed the theft. A few days afterwards a peculiar half dollar that Judge Bleckley had carried for thirty years and that had been lately lost was mysteriously restored to its accustomed place. The servant not only made confession, but restitution. From that day to this he has been a changed man. He has lost flesh, cheerfulness and tone. The judge will allow no one to speak to him in a harsh voice, and treats him with tender consideration himself. It is doubtful, however, if he will ever recover from the shock to his mental and nervous system occasioned when the judge arose from the bath and denounced him in thunderous tones.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Mary Lynch.

A cold-blooded murder was perpetrated last week near Newtown, Conn. William Warner, a young man well known in Bridgeport, has of late been quite intimate with Mrs. Mary Lynch, a young married woman who formerly resided in Bridgeport with her husband. A few weeks ago Mrs. Lynch left her home and went to her mother's, who lives near Newtown. Warner called to see her, and as near as can be learned they quarreled, during which Warner drew a pistol and shot Mrs. Lynch through the heart. The unfortunate woman fell to the floor a corpse, face downward. Warner asked her mother if she thought Mary was dead and at the same instant sent another bullet through her back between the shoulders. Warner then left the house.

The murderer returned to the house the next morning and shot himself. His body was found lying across that of his victim. He left a note in which he gave the cause of the murder as jealousy.

After the shooting Warner went to Hatterstown, as was shown by his footprints in the snow which had fallen, and after wandering around there, returned to the scene of the tragedy and seated himself on the stone wall in front of the premises.

Several parties passed while he was sitting there and recognized him. The alarm was given that Warner had returned to the house in which his victim lay, and the inhabitants of the town armed themselves with all kinds of weapons and started for the house. They did not immediately enter, for Warner called out in a loud voice, "Keep away, or I'll shoot the first who tries to enter."

The men satisfied themselves by surrounding the house, leaving no avenue of escape to the murderer. This was all that was done by the excited populace of the little town until about 7:30 o'clock, when ex-Sheriff Aaron Sanford arrived. He was very indignant to think that one man could scare two score, and immediately offered to lead the way into the house. Under his guidance and lead a dozen of the men moved forward.

Suddenly a pistol shot was heard and some of the men ducked as if to avoid a shot. Still Sanford bravely led the way and received no opposition. He went up the stairs and into the room where the first shooting had occurred and found the murderer lying across the body of his victim, while the blood from a self-inflicted wound flowed in a crimson stream on the floor. When the ex-sheriff turned the body over it was found that Warner had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart.

THAT BEAUTIFUL CRANK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Prof. Emmons, of the Geological Survey, first saw Mrs. Emmons in Boston. She was then living there in humble circumstances. He was also a citizen of Boston at the time, and very wealthy. Another rich Bostonian married the woman, however, and took her to Europe. They did not get along well together, and were soon divorced.

Prof. Emmons next met her while she was filling an operative engagement in Moscow. They married at once, and went to London for their honeymoon. After returning to America the professor took a place in the geological survey, and was assigned to duty in Wyoming, and he and his wife went to housekeeping in Cheyenne.

When they came back to Washington they took a fine house and had a lively time. Mrs. Emmons was given a vehicle and team for each division of the day, and changed rigs as often and as regularly as gowns.

Mrs. Emmons' expert management of a horse made her the admired companion of the late Miss Katharine Bayard, daughter of the Secretary. They were together when Miss Bayard was thrown from her horse and nearly killed.

Mrs. Emmons, in her luxurious apartments at Wormley's, has had more callers than any other woman in Washington. Some of these were officers of the Police Department, for there is a suspicion that some precipitate move may be attempted to carry Mrs. Emmons off to an insane asylum, at a moment when there may be no means of resistance at hand.

Friends of the lady are keeping a close watch so as to be ready at any moment to make a counter move, should such a thing be attempted. Dr. Lincoln, her friend and physician, called, accompanied by Dr. Godding, the insanity expert in charge of the Government asylum for the insane. Mrs. Emmons gave them a cordial reception, but would not tolerate anything in the way of business talk until they had smoked some of her cigarettes and she had read a poem.

Several times she interrupted a serious conversation—or rather a dialogue, for she generally does all the talking herself—to quiz Dr. Lincoln about his handsome cavalier mustache, and she decidedly objected to

Dr. Godding's manner of sitting in a chair. It was not graceful, she said, and before resuming the thread of her story, she gave him a lesson in graceful sitting. Then, occasionally, all of a sudden, she would go off into an unaccountable fit of laughter. Nothing apparently had been said or done to provoke it. The only explanation would seem to be that suddenly an introspective thought had struck her, and she laughed to think what a merry time she was having and what fools were all around her.

While a very interesting and sometimes a brilliant talker she has not the faculty of listening, even in reply to a question put by herself. She can hardly bear to hear any one else talk, and she does not hesitate to cut the best of them off in the middle of a sentence. She has a peculiar penchant for dictating manners and gracefulness to her friends.

Dr. Godding had to cross his legs and uncross them, and spread out his feet and gather them in many times before he attained the graceful pose which her fancy demanded. Dr. Lincoln, too, with the greatest good humor, stood up when she commanded, and turned "right," "left," "front," and performed a whole round of military maneuvers to her orders.

When it was all over none appreciated better than herself the unusualness of such a performance, and giving the good doctor permission to resume his seat, she leaned away back in her chair and laughed immoderately.

Mrs. Emmons probably never looked better than now. She is certainly looking immeasurably healthier and prettier than when she was in Washington a year ago.

When some one made that remark, she explained it by saying that it was all due to the regular use of dumbbells. As she sat in the midst of the doctors, not disputing with them, but dictating to them, her cheeks had the tinge of the rose, and as the poet would say, her throat was like the swan's. Her hair, which is jet black and shiny, was just ruffled enough to look coquettish. The oval outline of the ample cheek and chin and forehead is classical and almost perfect; but the charm of her face when in repose is concentrated in her lustrous brown eye: so soulful: so eloquent. When she laughs her face is an archipelago of dimples about a sea of ivory. When in merry mood the whole expression of that face is equalled only by the laughing Neapolitan girl that we sometimes see in fancy pictures. She is magnetic, too. Whenever she laughs you forget to be dignified, and you laugh with her, for which she is sure to chastise you very promptly: for, whatever she may do herself, she does not permit unseemly hilarity in others.

As she leaned back in the chair one could not help seeing the pretty little foot in the pretty little shoe which peeped out from below the neat walking dress which the lady wore. It seemed at first to be a shoe, but a second look discovered something peculiar about it, and one could not help taking a second look. Sure enough it was a riding boot and the tall top was creeping down pucker and rumpled like the bellows of a concertina, or like a wide stocking without a garter.

JEALOUS OF A CLERGYMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the New York Sun of Wednesday week was printed an account of an encounter on a Niagara Falls train between the Rev. Oliver J. Booth, rector of the Church of the Ascension, of Buffalo, N. Y., and a stranger, whose name was said to be Smythe. It has been learned that the preacher's assailant was Gen. William Sooy Smith, the hero of the cavalry charge on Mobile, and now a civil engineer and contractor. It appears that Gen. Smith, who is now over fifty-five years of age, was married for the third time to Miss Josie Hartwell, of St. Catharines. She is only thirty years old, and is a beautiful blonde, who had long been the belle of St. Catharines. She has blue eyes and light hair, is of medium height and has a fine physique. The general met her on a Western trip, and it was a case of love at first sight. The Rev. Mr. Booth married them. He had been until two years ago the rector of St. Thomas' Church in St. Catharines, having gone there five years before from Montreal. There he had been a bank clerk before taking holy orders. At St. Catharines he married Miss St. John, whose father is wealthy. The Hartwell and St. John families have long been intimate.

A few weeks ago Gen. Smith's wife went home to visit her mother, and at Christmastide Mr. Booth also went to St. Catharines. Gen. Smith's friends say he was jealous of his beautiful wife, and that her former admirers took occasion to make him unhappy by sending him letters in which unkindly words were said about her conduct. The trouble on the train is ascribed to one of these letters, which said that Mr. Booth was too friendly to Mrs. Smith and that he was going over to see her. The general found the clergyman on the train, and accused him of attempting to interfere with his domestic affairs. This led to an indignant denial and was followed by an excited conversation. Gen. Smith took Dr. Booth by the throat, when William O'Donnell, the brakeman, interfered. Edmund Wheeler, a friend of the rector, also aided in restoring peace, and there was no further violence until after Mr. Wheeler left the train at Niagara Falls. Then the discussion was resumed, and, according to the brakeman, Gen. Smith drew his revolver while the train was at Suspension Bridge. O'Donnell took the weapon away.

Gen. Smith and the rector went to the Western Hotel, where they obtained a room, in which they had a long talk. Engineer Sackett, of the Erie Railroad, who was an occupant of the next room, was an unwilling listener to some of the conversation. The general accused Mr. Booth of kissing his wife, and said he had documentary evidence of the truth of his allegation. The minister denied it, and evidently satisfied Gen. Smith that he was innocent, for they went together to St. Catharines to see their wives.

Mr. Booth was seen by a reporter and asked about the occurrence. At first he said that nothing of the kind had happened, but afterwards he said that the affair was due to a misunderstanding. The attack was entirely unprovoked, he said, and there was no ground for the accusation that he had been intimate with Mrs. Smith. The matter had been amicably adjusted, and he would only authorize that statement without using his name.

Gen. Smith was seen at St. Catharines. He did not deny that there was trouble on the train, but refused to talk about the cause. He and his wife will return to New York together. They attended a concert at St. Thomas' Church with the Booth family on the night after the episode on the train. Friends of the families are indignant that publicity is given to the case. The Sun's despatch was reprinted by the St. Catharines Journal the other afternoon, and the office was quickly crowded with persons eager to read it.

William Carlisle, a dry goods merchant of St. Catharines, was on the train, but he was cautious about telling what he saw. Enough was known, however, to excite curiosity.

SOOTHING SYRUP FOR COWBOYS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Northern Pacific train from the West came into Mandan, Dak. Ty., a few days since with twenty-five or thirty cowboys, bound for Fort Worth. The festive cow punchers had taken possession of the emigrant sleeper. Every one of them had a huge revolver slung to his belt, all of them were full of bug juice, each man sporting a bottle of forty-rod whisky. When the Dakota division conductor came into the car for their tickets they refused to produce the paste boards, drawing instead their bottles of chain lightning, and insisted on the ticket puncher drinking with them. A quiet old German passenger who had been much annoyed by the hilarity of the wild riders of the Western plains, took the conductor to one side and said:

"If I were conductor of this train I would expend a half-dollar at some convenient drug store for opium, and slip it into their bottles."

On reaching Bismarck the conductor acted on this happy suggestion, and sent his brakeman to a drug store for fifty cents' worth of the quieting drug. The brakeman went into the car and accepted their generous offer to imbibe, and, while pretending to drink, quietly slipped a small quantity of the soothing drug in each bottle. Quiet soon reigned where before all had been pandemonium. These densens of the wild, rowdy West were soon sleeping sounder than the Cardiff giant. The exultant conductor rolled them over like logs, went through their pockets, punched their tickets, and rolled them back in their berth. A more peaceful car of passengers never traveled over the Northern Pacific—in fact, the train load of deaf mute excursionists of the past summer were hilarious when compared with the quiet Texas cowboys. They were turned over to the conductor of the Minnesota division at Fargo, with the remainder of the unexpended drug to use if an emergency should arise before reaching St. Paul.

HOOTED OUT OF TOWN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The village of Wellsburg, N. Y., is hot with excitement over the drumming out of town of County School Commissioner A. P. Nichols. Several months ago Nichols horsewhipped a young woman, Julia McGraw, on the street, claiming that she had shown him too much familiarity. Since then a bitter feeling has grown against him. He attempted to remove the principal of the village school, Frank Gray, against the wishes of the trustees, and the people of the village made matters so uncomfortable for him that he decided to move his office and family to Horseheads. This was learned by the Board of Village Trustees, and a special meeting was held, at which the following was passed:

Whereas, A. P. Nichols has made himself obnoxious to this Board, as well as to many of our citizens, and whereas, said Nichols proposes to remove from our village,

Resolved, That we are heartily glad of it, and thereby tender a vote of thanks and sympathy to the community that accepts him as a resident.

Nichols then annulled the teacher's certificate held by Principal Gray and this augmented the feeling of antipathy.

Jan. 5th was the day of Nichols' departure. Anvils in place of cannon boomed from the hillside all day, and the people saw him off on the train with hurrahs of derision. At night an effigy was carried on a stretcher through the principal streets, escorted by a torchlight procession, drums and tin pans. The procession halted in front of Nichols' vacated office late in the evening, and burned the effigy.

WRAPPED IN BLANKETS.

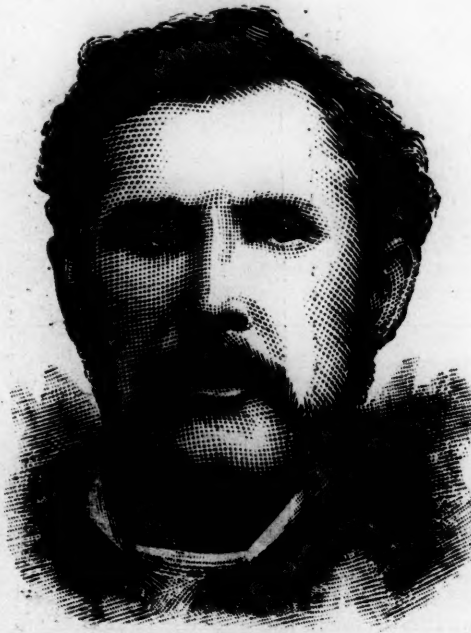
[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Mary Edwards is a little woman about forty-five years of age. She is possessed of probably twice as much stubbornness to the square inch as any daughter of Eve in Brooklyn. For several years she kept a grocery store at the corner of Patchen avenue and Madison street, but her frequent exhibition of temper toward her customers had the effect of gradually reducing the business to such a low point that she was obliged to sell out, which she did about two years ago, and has since been living at No. 119 Huxford street. She has two daughters and one son, with whom she has had numerous outbreaks, and their lives for the past ten years have been anything but pleasant. Upon one occasion his mother became angry with him for some trivial cause and vented her spite by locking his team of horses into their stable with a pair of large new padlocks on the doors. The young man resorted to the courts for redress, and during the tedious process of the law the poor animals were almost starved to death in their stalls. At another time she made William feel as though life was a burden to him by chaining the wheels of his wagon fast to the body and refusing to allow him to bring in a blacksmith to free them.

Her latest exhibition of ill temper has outdone all previous efforts. Her daughter Ada, a pretty black-eyed girl, twenty-one years of age, has lived with her mother until a few days ago, supporting herself by sewing. Her mother's treatment of her has been unendurable of late, and she left home last week, going to live at No. 928 DeKalb avenue. The next trouble was to get possession of her clothing, which her mother refused to give up. Ada on Thursday last obtained from Justice Kenna a warrant for her mother's arrest on a charge of larceny. The warrant was placed in the hands of Court Officer Cantwell, who made several attempts to serve it, but on each occasion the stubborn little woman ran into her bedroom, locked the door and divesting herself of her clothing, jumped into bed, calling through the door to the officer that if he wanted to take her he would have to carry her through the streets in that condition. Cantwell accompanied by Roundsman Kline and another officer, went to the house, determined to get the woman if possible. She heard them coming, and before they got to her room she undressed and got in bed. The officers coaxed, argued and threatened, but without avail, and at last were obliged to take her up bodily. They wrapped half a dozen blankets around her and took her to court in a wagon. In the pen she was still stubborn, and though clothing was brought to her she refused to put them on. The case was adjourned, and the bundle of blankets, stubborn little woman and all were bundled into the van and driven to jail. It is believed that she is insane.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Above will be found a good picture of O. C. Langseth, who is so well known in the Northwest for his wonderful basso profundo voice, which is said to be the deepest this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Langseth was born at Elsvold, Norway, but has lived in this country for several years. He lives at present at Grand Forks, Dak., where he has recently composed some popular songs.

Theodore George.

George was born in Greece, 1854, and has been a resident of the United States for the past fourteen years. He has met some of the best wrestlers since he came to this country.

Axel Paulsen.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Axel Paulsen, the champion skater, who is now on his way to this country to skate against Hugh McCormick for the world's championship and "Police Gazette" trophy offered by Richard K. Fox.

Louis Mazzantini.

Louis Mazzantini, the clever young Italian bull-fighter, whose portrait we print elsewhere in this paper, is just at present the lion at the city of Havana, Cuba, where his wonderful skill as an espada has created a furore among admirers of the exciting sport.

A. A. Haskell.

In this issue we publish a portrait of A. A. Haskell, champion pool player of Maine, who was one of the contestants in the McKenzie pool tournament for the "Police Gazette" medal and the championship of New England. Haskell is quite an expert with the cue and well known.

S. W. Gerard.

S. W. Gerard is the druggist doing business at Hopkins, Mo., who is charged with a devilish deed with a little girl of between 12 and 13 years of age, Lavina Fine by name. The excitement ran high in the town at the time; the good citizens turned out with rage and indignation, and promised to make it warm for the old "chippy hunter."

W. H. Haight.

W. H. Haight, alias Bill Haight, was the former messenger on the St. Louis and S. F. Railroad, who is charged with putting up the whole job for Fred Witrock, alias Jim Cummings, etc., the express messenger robbers. The Pinkerton detectives captured Haight at Nashville, Tenn., on Christmas morning, and his arrest brought about the capture of the rest of the gang. We print his picture on another page.

M. O. Sullivan.

We present our readers in this issue with a portrait of M. O. Sullivan, the famous amateur athlete. He is a native of Ireland, and is a member of the well-known Pastime Athletic Club of New York. He is well known in Irish athletics, having won over fifty prizes across the pond. In America he has likewise distinguished himself by winning half a dozen prizes in the same number of events. At the N. Y. A. C. games in September he won the competition for 55-lb. weight throwing, beating C. A. J. Queckbörner and others with a throw of 13 feet 9 inches, which is now the best record in the world.

J. K. Beldier.

J. K. Beldier, whose strong weather-beaten face illuminates another page of this issue, is one of the old-time daring Wells, Fargo & Co.'s stage messengers of the far Northwest, who has traveled in the wild country when a man was expected to surrender his scalp, and perhaps his life, at very short notice. "X," as he is briefly called by his host of friends, hails from Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1831. Some time in 1850, young Beldier went West, and has been almost continuously employed doing duty as United States Marshal, sheriff, or skillful detective work in the most notorious murders, robberies and road agent affairs which have occurred in the Territories during the last quarter of a century. Brother Beldier is one of the organizers of the famous vigilante committee in the very early days. He has had wonderful adventures and escapes, having been captured by the red skins in far North and literally riddled with buckshot on the overland. "X," however, has reserved sufficient grip and vitality to write his own romantic life, which will shortly appear in book form. This enterprise will be conducted by Mr. M. Mounts, the genial proprietor of the Palace Billiard Hall, of Bozeman, Mont., whose energy alone means success.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Lillian Olcott.

It must be confessed that to the people of the East Lillian Olcott is best known because of her now famous interpretation of "Theodora," but in both the South and the West Miss Olcott is held in distinguished esteem as a Shakespearian actress of splendid and substantial qualities.

Her *Juliet* is marked by a depth of passion, a true womanly tenderness and a delicacy of artistic finish that makes it one of the most picturesque character-studies of the contemporary stage. As *Portia*, Miss Olcott has won the commendation of even the most fastidious critics. There is in her impersonation of this most delightful figure in the Shakespearian repertory, an intelligence of design, a fidelity to reality, and a galliard grace withal, that color the work with the hallmark of something closely kin to genius. As *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons," Miss Olcott has opportunity for the full display of her talents in the more conventional qualities of womanly character, and in no role, perhaps, does the exquisite femininity of the woman transpire with more charming effect.

It will be seen, then, and plainly enough, too, that it did not require the somewhat accidental episode of "Theodora," to bring Miss Olcott into a position of brilliant pre-eminence in the art to which she has evidently been called. Ultimately she would have reached the identical rank which is accorded her to-day. That, in point of time, her career has been advanced by the success of "Theodora," is not sought to be denied—not even by the actress her-

**LILLIAN OLCOTT,**

THE CLEVER YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL WHO IS THE SARAH BERNHARDT OF THIS CONTINENT.

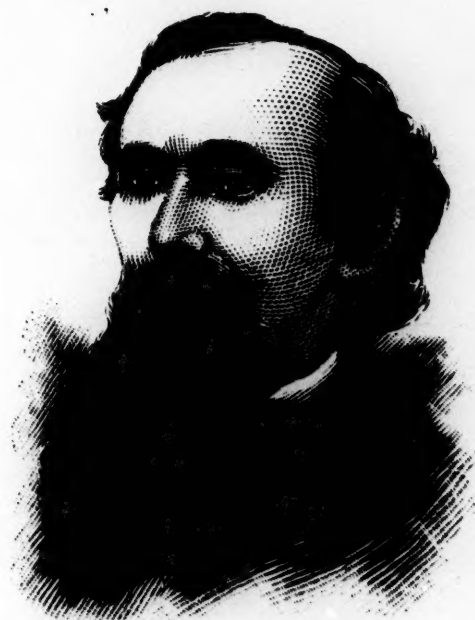
self, if we judge her rightly. But with all the qualities that tend to win for a man or woman absolute success, this girl is richly endowed. Innate capabilities, indomitable perseverance, untiring energy and that world of qualities comprehended in homely pluck—all are hers. It would have required a peculiar concatenation of opposing circumstances to hinder the gifted artist in the attainment of her ambitious designs.

But from the fact that Miss Olcott's public career has occupied a seemingly very brief period, it must not be supposed that she sprung all equipped, Minerva-like into the dramatic world. From early childhood she has devoted herself to this calling. Years of patient study, under the very masters of the day, have been given to her work. There is no branch or offshoot of the dramatic art which has not yielded some fruit to the earnest striving of the artist. All the requirements of the stage-art have been observed and finally mastered.

Miss Olcott has ascended that proverbial ladder of fame rung by rung. Only the public have not witnessed the process; they were not asked to observe the actress until she had reached the top.

It is universally acknowledged that Miss Olcott first reached national eminence through her interpretation of Sardou's master-role of "Theodora."

Though she is not the first actress whose gifts have won recognition in the drama, the character of her success possesses some marks of distinction.

**S. W. GERARD,**

ACCUSED OF A VERY BAD CASE OF "CHIPPY HUNTING" WITH LITTLE LAVINA FINE, HOPKINS, MO.

**J. X. BRIDLER,**

THE DARING AND ADVENTUROUS OLD WELLS, FARGO & CO'S MESSENGER, BOZEMAN, MONT.

**W. H. HAIGHT,**

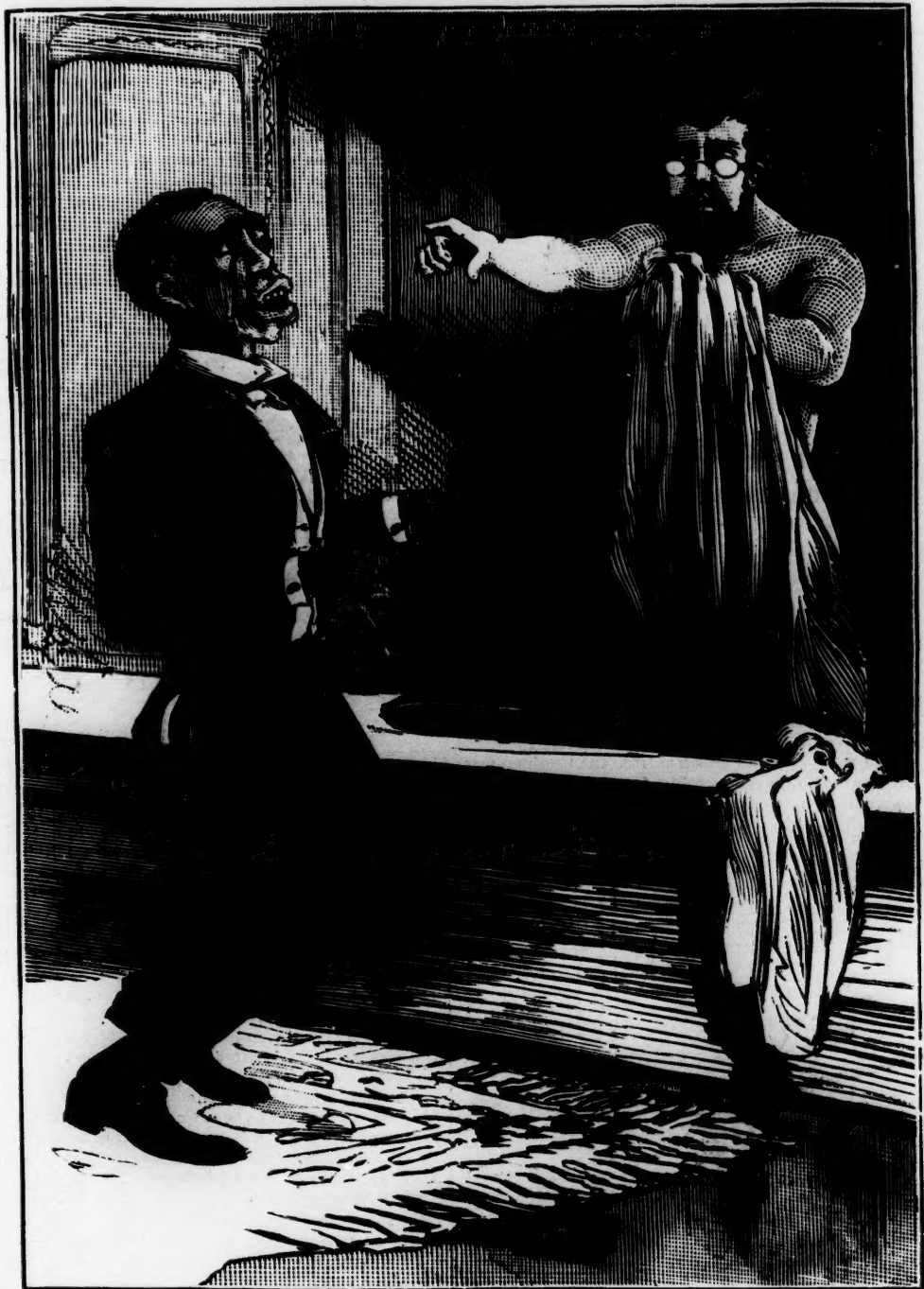
THE EX-RAILROAD MESSENGER CAPTURED IN CONNECTION WITH THE JIM CUMMINGS ROBBERY.

**LUIS MAZZANTINI,**

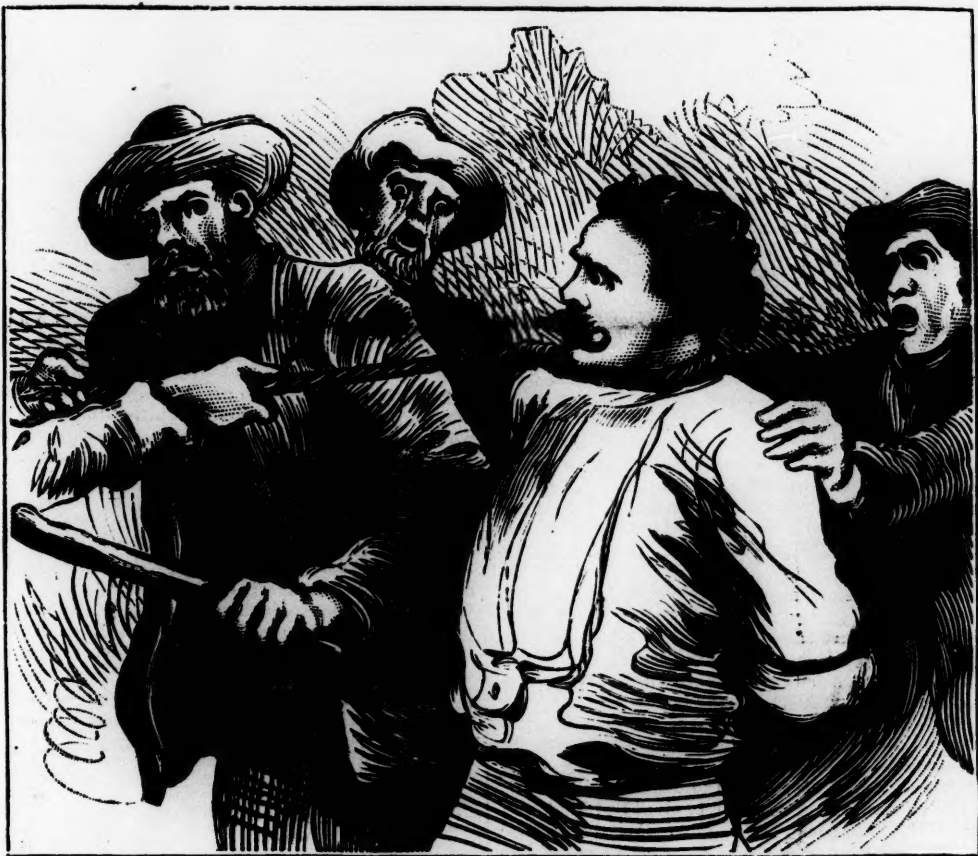
THE CLEVER YOUNG ITALIAN BULL FIGHTER NOW THE LION OF HAVANA, CUBA.



A LIGHTNING TICKET SELLER.
GEO. S. CHAMBERLIN, THE HANDSOME AND POPULAR FINANCIAL DIVINITY OF
THE WINDSOR THEATRE.



"YOU STOLE MY SHIRT."
HOW JUDGE BLECKLEY OF ATLANTA, GA., FRIGHTENED A DISHONEST NEGRO
SERVANT INTO CONFESSING A THEFT.



ALL BUT LYNCHED.
THE VICTIM OF A MOB, AT STOCKVILLE, NEBRASKA, ESCAPES THE NOOSE BUT IS
FATALLY HURT BY A REVENGEFUL MOB.



MRS. CHARLOTTE DIEBERT,
THE YOUNG LADY BEING SUED FOR \$5,000 DAMAGES
TO MR. TAMKINS' HEART, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



EDWIN TAMKINS,
WHO COMMENCED SUIT AGAINST MRS. DIEBERT
FOR BREACH OF PROMISE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



BEATEN TO DEATH.
THE CRUEL AND INHUMAN WAY IN WHICH ANDREW BROWN OF MONTERUMA, IA.,
CORRECTED HIS LITTLE SIX-YEAR-OLD GRANDSON.



MONKEY HUNTING IN CHURCH.
THE LADIES OF A PROVIDENCE, R. I., CONGREGATION MANAGE TO CAPTURE ONE
OF THE ESCAPED CURIOSITIES OF A MUSEUM.

A BUTCHERY.

The Horrible Crime Committed
By Seventeen-Year Old
James E. Nowlan.

DELIBERATE MURDER.

A Story which Outranks the Worst
Atrocity Hitherto Borne on the
Blood-stained Annals of New
England.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A murder rivaling in horror the notorious Charles River tragedy of two years ago has thrown Lexington, Mass., into a state of feverish excitement. Late the afternoon of Jan. 4, a small boy, while passing by the old Lincoln road, saw what he supposed to be a bundle of clothing half buried in the snow on the other side of the stone wall which skirted the thoroughfare. On jumping over the wall he found rolled carelessly together, as if thrown from a passing train, a com-



Gathering up the clothes.

plete suit of clothes, evidently belonging originally to a man in well-to-do circumstances. The boy wonderingly examined the outside garments, and on pulling aside the covering was startled to see the clothing wet with blood, which even then covered the garments in large clots. Recognizing the necessity of at once reporting the discovery to the authorities, he gathered the clothes together and hastened to the office of the Selectmen of the town, and the news of the discovery of the bloody clothing spread like fire and soon everybody in town knew of the mysterious bundle of clothing. The theory of murder was not confirmed until next morning, however, when a Lincoln farmer came tearing into town with the following story:

"While coming down to town, and when near Grapevine corner," he said, "I noticed a pool of blood in the



The farmer's discovery.

snow. I climbed over the bank, looked over the wall, and there saw the arm of a man, severed from the body at the shoulder, lying upon the snow. Beyond was the mutilated remains of a human head, gashed and distorted by a terrible wound. It was an awful sight. There was a part of the neck remaining, and it could be seen that the head had been chopped from the body with a dull ax. On the left side the skull was crushed in and an ugly gash across the nose had nearly disfigured the victim."

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, who heard the farmer's tale, started with others for the scene. The pool of blood frozen in the snow that first at-

tracted the farmer's attention was directly in the middle of the road, and from appearances had been made by the fall of the head upon the ground. A small piece of hair and flesh was noticeable in the icy mass. Perhaps ten feet above, on a gradually sloping bank, is a tumble-down stone wall, which divides the road from the Carry farm. Just over the wall was the head, face upward in the snow. Although disfigured much it was possible to secure a fair description of the victim. A mile further up the road the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent found a deep



The reporters and the body.

gully, and peering down through the twigs and bushes there, stark naked in the crimson snow, lay a headless body, rigid and ghastly in the morning light. Deep cuts in the hip and foreleg indicated the intention of the murderers to sever the left limb, as they had the right, which had been rudely chopped off at the thigh. One arm also was missing from the body, and presumably was that found with the head down the road.

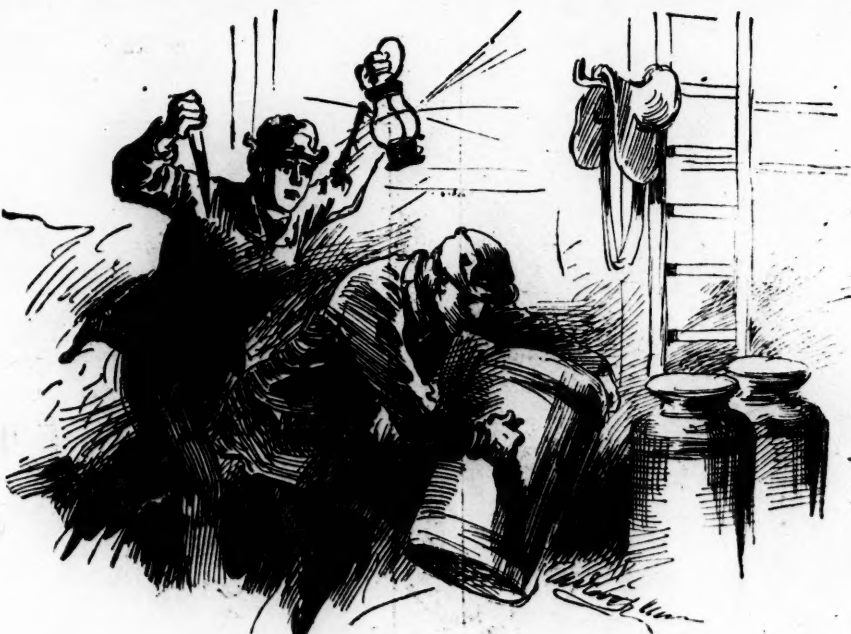
Only one clue was at hand. A large rubber horse-cover had been thrown from the road to conceal the remains, but the blanket fell on intervening bushes and landed several feet beyond the mangled body. The spot where the murderer chose to leave his victim was particularly fitted for that purpose. It is wild and lonely and the nearest house is over a mile away. As the road winds among the hills it crosses a deep ravine from which it has been built up. The sides of the ravine are covered with a low growth of brush, and in this the body and the rubber-blanket were found. They were almost hidden from sight.

The murderer had well covered up his work and no tracks or marks have been left at either of the places where parts of the body were found that would lead to his identity. The only thing missing now is the right leg of the murdered man, and that was cut off or amputated in the most heartless manner. The mutilated remains of the murdered man were identified as those of George A. Codman, of Somerville. He is a young, unmarried man, who boarded with L. B. Pillsbury at No. 16 Mills street and carried on the milk business, putting up his horses in Sargent avenue.

On Jan. 6, Nowlan, the dead man's hostler, who had been arrested on suspicion, confessed to killing his employer.

The first story which Nowlan told the police was to the effect that he last saw Codman at 11 A. M. on Tuesday, when he drove away in his own sleigh with a stranger whom Nowlan had never seen before. The boy said that Codman told him he was going away for an indefinite time, and that he left him in charge of his business. This statement, the police soon found by investigation, could not possibly be true. They learned that Nowlan had called at Codman's boarding house at about 1 P. M., and said he was sent by Codman for his money and other articles. The servant, knowing that Nowlan was in Codman's employ, allowed the boy to go to his room, from which he carried away a desk containing about \$235 in money and other articles. The boy then said that Codman was waiting for him in his sleigh around the corner, and that he was about starting off for an indefinite absence. The police soon became suspicious that the murder had been committed in Codman's stable on Sargent avenue. In the evening they made a search, which confirmed their suspicions. The sleigh was stained with blood, and ineffectual attempts had been made to wash away the marks. Behind a chest a box was found which contained a mass of flesh and gore. In another place was a leg still smeared with blood. It was no longer possible to doubt that the scene of the crime had been discovered, and circumstances naturally pointed strongly to Nowlan.

The police confronted the 17-year old prisoner with



Stealing up behind his victim.

some of the evidence they had discovered. The boy began to weaken and change his tactics. He admitted full knowledge of the murder, but denied that he himself had a direct hand in it. He named two young fellows of bad reputation as the principals, and described the killing, which he said he witnessed in the

barn at 3 on Tuesday morning. The police arrested the two young men he named. It took a few hours only to prove their entire innocence. One of them, it was ascertained, had been discharged the other morning after serving a term in the House of Correction, and it was therefore impossible that he could be in any way connected with the case. It was a significant fact, too, that there had been no division of the booty before it was found by the police in Nowlan's house that evening. Furthermore, it seemed inexplicable, if more than one was concerned in the crime, that the

body should be cut into pieces, thereby multiplying the chances of detection. The only possible explanation of the dissection seems to be that it was done to aid in disposing of the body by one individual unassisted. Afterwards, therefore, the police began to doubt that Nowlan had any accomplices in the crime. Chief Parkhurst and Capt. Perry then had another talk with the boy. They showed him the proof of the falsity of his last story. Then the Chief produced the bloody axe, and asked the lad if he knew to whom it belonged.

"Yes, that is Codman's axe," was the hesitating reply. "Come up here to the light and see the blood on it," said the chief, sharply.

For the first time the boy showed signs of weakness and terror. He trembled violently from head to foot and hung back. Soon he broke down, and for the first time evidently told the whole truth.

"I did it alone," he said, brokenly, "but I didn't kill him with the axe. It was with a knife."

Gradually and point by point he made known the details of his horrible butchery. He had had the plot in mind for some days. Codman's inclination to boast of his profitable business furnished the motive. On Monday Codman spoke of the large sum of money he expected to collect from his customers that day.

"I suppose you'll collect about \$1,000, won't you?" said Nowlan.

"No, I guess not more than \$600," was the reply.

Nowlan expected to secure the \$600 as the reward of his crime, and he was much disappointed that the proceeds should be less than half that sum. He went to the stable and met Codman soon after 2 A. M. on Tuesday. He had fully made up his mind to kill him then and there. He armed himself with a large butcher's knife, having a sharp point and unusually keen edge. In the dim light made by a single lantern he stepped up behind his victim, reached over his shoulder, and with a downward blow plunged the knife into his neck just below the jaw bone. The stroke was a fatal one. A large artery was severed, and blood poured from the wound in a stream. Codman made no outcry, no struggle. He simply staggered for a moment and fell heavily to the floor. The young assassin watched him for a few moments, and did not again touch the dying man until life was extinct. Then he pushed the body beneath a punt, covered it with a blanket, and spent nearly two hours in trying to clean up the blood. At about 5 o'clock the young murderer went home, awoke his younger brother and took him over the regular milk route, distributing the cans as usual to all of Codman's customers in Charlestown and Boston. Everybody who has been seen when Nowlan met that morning says that the boy seemed the same as usual—not at all nervous or anxious.

Nowlan and his brother reached home again at about 11 A. M. Edward ate his dinner and went back to the stable at about noon. He says that he then dragged the body from its place of concealment, and, after locking the door, he cut off the dead man's clothes. He first stripped the pockets of everything of value. It was his plan to carry the body off in the punt to a

that he could then handle the body, and he placed it in the back part of the punt and covered it with a horse blanket. He put the axe also in the sleigh, and before starting he again cleaned up the ghastly traces of his rough work of dissection.

For some reason the boy determined to secure the booty for which he had committed the awful crime, and to take it with him on his journey to dispose of the body. He accordingly went to Codman's boarding house and procured the desk and money, as has been described. Then soon after 1 P. M. he started off up country. Not until he had gone several miles on a lonesome road toward Arlington did a full realization of his crime and the horror of his situation dawn upon him. He became panic stricken.

"I thought everybody stared at me and suspected me," he said. "I was afraid every minute that some



The cruel axe.

one was after me." He lashed his horse, and the animal ran until he was covered with lather. He drove through Arlington, around Lexington to East Lexington, to a point about fifteen miles from home, before he turned off and dropped any portion of his ghastly burden. First he threw the clothes, without stopping, over the wall by the road. Half a mile further on he stopped and lifted the body out into the middle of the road. Thinking to make identification impossible, he chopped off the head and mutilated the features. The head and one arm he threw over the wall, and drove on. In the middle of the road he left a large pool of blood, made by chopping off the head. A mile and a half further on he lifted the body over the wall into a gully and attempted to throw the blanket over it. Not far off, he says, he left under a bush the leg, which is still missing. A reporter searched in vain for it during the afternoon. About nine inches of snow fell during the night, and it will probably not be found until after the next thaw. Driving on from the last mentioned point, the thoroughly terrified murderer thought only of getting away from the evidence of his guilt. He avoided the town of Lincoln by about a half mile, and took a cross-road to Waltham. Thence he drove quickly back to Somerville, where he arrived at about 5 P. M. The horse, which was exhausted, was unharnessed and put in the stable, and then Nowlan went to his home. He had recovered from his terror, and to his folks he appeared as usual.

In confirmation of the boy's confession the police found at the stable, under the flooring, the blood-



Horror and run.

stained knife with which the deed was committed. Although it had been washed it still bore traces of blood near the handle. It is an ordinary butcher's knife, with a bone handle and a blade over a foot long, ground to a very fine edge. The police also found an ice pick, such as is used on ice carts, and there were blood spots on the head and handle, although this, too, had been washed. It has been ascertained in further confirmation that Nowlan told several persons at least a week ago that Codman was intending to go away, and he told his family within a day or two. It is supposed that he intended this to confirm the story he had matured of having Codman reported as going away with a stranger.

James Edward Nowlan, the murderer, is a handsome lad, a little over seventeen years of age. He has dark hair, a fresh and ruddy face, brown eyes, shaded by heavy eyebrows, and in his whole appearance is remarkably prepossessing and intelligent. He is one of a family of four brothers, one older and two younger, who live with their mother on Autumn avenue, in East Somerville. While nothing really bad is known of the boys, they have the reputation of being hot blooded and a little wild, and this reputation Edward, as they call him, has shared with them. He was discharged by the man for whom he worked previous to being employed by Codman, because of a too free use of his employer's horses in the evening.

SHE SKIPPED.

The Heiress of a Deceased
Chicago Pork Packer In-
dulges in an Elope-
ment.

HER MOTHER'S WOE.

An Unprecedented Excitement Among
the Upper-Ten of the Garden
City.

Chicago's "upper-ten" society will be agog with excitement when it learns of the most sensational event which ever disturbed its placidity.

The morning of Jan. 4, Mrs. H. O. Stone, a millionaire widow, and the acknowledged leader of high society circles, woke to find that her daughter, Althea, who is but sixteen years of age, was missing.

A search of the suite of rooms, furnished in Oriental splendor and occupied by the young miss, was rewarded by the finding of a note informing her mother that she had eloped. The object of her affections, she said, was Will. S. Cunningham, a youth who had barely reached his majority. Young Cunningham, like his ladylove, was born and reared in luxury, his father, Thomas S. Cunningham, being one of the wealthiest insurance men in the city.

It was not on the score of unequal fortune that he was objectionable to Althea's mother, but the latter had more ambitious plans for her daughter, who is reputed to be the most beautiful girl in Chicago. She is the only daughter, and was idolized by her mother and three brothers, who are all fine, sturdy fellows of high education, refinement and ability.

Althea herself is a veritable fairy, her photographs showing a face much of the style of the beautiful Lady Randolph Churchill. She is a petite body, with cupid-like ringlets of soft yellow hair, eyes the tint of the sky, and complexion of parian marble, suffused with the beautiful color of the blush rose. Less than six months ago she wore her first long dress, though in education and various accomplishments she was far beyond her years.

Sept. 1 the young lady was sent to the aristocratic seminary at Ogdont, N. Y., to enter which is almost as difficult for a young lady as it is for an outside newspaper to get into the Associated Press. Althea came home for the holidays, and was one of the guests at a fashionable collation of Miss Birdie Sanford, one of her schoolmates. She appeared in the simplest of toilets, without an article of jewelry, yet was a revelation of beauty to many who had never met her. It was indeed her debut in society.

There she met young Cunningham, who is far from being the type of manhood most girls would admire. He is, in fact, a bowling dude, and affects the "English, you know," importing his clothes from Poole, and wearing styles months ahead of the average Chicago swell.

He is a rather undersized blonde, with a heavy "bang," which nearly reaches his eyebrows; has pale blue eyes and a yellow moustache, which is always carefully curled. Though he is ostensibly his father's cashier, it is said his most tiresome labor is attending fashionable gatherings, curling his moustache and polishing his beautiful finger nails.

His style captivated pretty Althea and a rapid courtship followed, which culminated in the elopement. The girl's mother or brothers knew nothing of the love affair, as young Cunningham was not a young man with whom Althea's brothers cared to associate, and he never made more than two or three calls at Mrs. Stone's mansion, No. 2035 Prairie avenue. The Cunninghams live on the north side, miles from the Stone's "steamboat" house, so called from the numerous pretty galleries of fancy woodwork which adorn its exterior.

It is supposed that the young couple met frequently down town, and as it was agreed that Althea's mamma would never give her consent, planned to run away and get married.

Althea's trunks were all packed, and she was to be returned to the fashionable seminary, where the most courtly polish was guaranteed, and it is whispered that it was the fond mamma's ambition to wed her idolized daughter to a title. Be that as it may, such plans can now never be realized.

When Mrs. Stone learned the truth, she fell fainting to the floor, and long remained unconscious. She has since been wholly prostrated, and the effects on her system, it is feared, will be serious. Medical attendants have been constantly by her side. So alarming was her condition that Mrs. Potter Palmer, the wife of the millionaire hotel keeper, and Mrs. Marshall Field, the wife of the dry goods merchant prince of the Northwest, and Mrs. George M. Pullman, who are her most immediate friends, are watching at her bedside all day, and are still with her.

No one else is allowed to see her, except Prof. David Swing, the eminent divine, who is her spiritual adviser. He called at the house twice one day, and remained an hour or more each time. Newspaper reporters were sent away from the house without being able to get an interview with any of the family, but a successful appeal was made by the brothers to the managing editors of the Chicago papers to suppress the affair.

The young men stated that they had no clew to the whereabouts of the runaways, but knew they were not married in Chicago. They certainly were not, for no record of the issuance of a marriage license can be found. It is probable the couple either went to Wisconsin or Michigan, in which States no license is required.

Mrs. Stone controls the greater part of one of the largest estates in this country. She is a liberal patron of art and music, and her soirées are the envy of the town. She was the third wife of the late H. O. Stone, an old settler and many-times millionaire. The estate includes fine buildings in the business center of the city and improved property all over the city. No one knows anywhere near its actual value.

On the death of Mr. Stone's first wife he ordered from Rome a marble tomb in her memory. It represents a bed with the images of his wife and her baby, who died with her, sweetly sleeping. The workman ship is superb, the likeness of mother and babe being perfect, and cost \$125,000.

Mrs. Stone is almost as well known in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston society as in Chicago. Her drawing-rooms there are on the Salem order, and her receptions are the most extensive in the city.

Up to a late hour no tidings of the runaways had been received.

PUNCHING AN EDITOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

What is said to have been a most cowardly assault took place in the office of John O'Day & Bro., Springfield, Ohio, shortly after 8 o'clock the other morning. Mr. Strother, the editor of the *Leader*, who was unarmed, accepted an invitation to go upon what he supposed was a business mission, and instead of that he was confronted with a cane, boots and other missiles and badly beaten over the head. His statement, which appears below, gives the details of the affair, and we will let him tell them, which are as follows:

"About 8 o'clock I was on my way to the office and stopped at the postoffice as usual. There I saw Ed O'Day standing near the door. After getting my mail I went on to my office. At the corner of the Greene county national bank I was met by John and Ed O'Day. John O'Day asked me to come into their office. I replied that I would as soon as I took my books and papers to the *Leader* office. John O'Day remarked: 'No, come now; you won't be hurt.' I replied: 'I am not afraid of being hurt and will go with you now.' After getting into the office John O'Day handed me a written statement retracting what I had said in the *Leader*, that he had left Wisconsin with the record of a thief behind him; that I knew the same to be false at the time, and that it was written for the purpose of injuring him. He wanted me to sign his statement, which I refused to do. He immediately struck me with his fist. I at once closed with him and in a second or so had him on the floor and was on top of him. At this juncture Ed O'Day pulled me off his brother, backward and kicked me with his foot on the head. John O'Day was by this time on his feet, and while I was yet down struck me over the head several times with a heavy cane. I struggled to my feet and tried to defend myself, but was brought down again by a heavy blow on the head with a cane which laid open my scalp. John and Ed O'Day then began striking and kicking me with boots, fists, revolvers and canes.

"Just at this juncture John McGregor and Walter Crenshaw came into the room and at once interfered. The two O'Days had their revolvers drawn and swore that they intended to kill me unless I signed the paper above mentioned. Believing that my life depended on it, and yielding to persuasion, I signed it. I was accompanied out by Messrs. Crenshaw and McGregor, and immediately swore out a warrant before Justice Evans for the arrest of my assailants. I have nothing more to say beyond denouncing the attack and its method as brutal and cowardly in the extreme, which no man of honor and courage would have been guilty of. I was totally unarmed, and the statement was signed under protest."

Shortly after the affray occurred Mr. Strother, accompanied by A. Z. Chambers, proceeded to the office of Justice Evans and swore out a warrant for Ed, and John O'Day, charging them with felonious assault. It was given to Constable Thomas and he arrested John on the train, who was in a sleeping car, which left the station in a few minutes afterwards, going East. Ed conveyed him to the train in a buggy, and was also arrested at the train. They were brought over and recognized in the sum of \$500 each to appear before the Circuit Court. John McGregor, James Hayes and G. M. Cox went to their bond.

WILLIAM HANNAHAN.

[With Portrait.]

There is no more promising ball player in the country than the young man whose picture is shown this week. He is 21 years old and tips the beam at 163 pounds. During the first part of this season he played second base for the Long Island Eastern League team and his club disbanded. He was secured by the Saratoga club as short stop, and when the Saratoga club disbanded, he played with and captained the Troy club. With his brilliant playing he enabled the Troy club to win sixteen straight games in the recent games between the Troys and the New Yorks. He batted both left and right, freely hitting the former for a double and a single out of three times to bat. He is considered to be one of the fastest base-runners in the country. Bill would make a strong addition to some League team. He is wintering at his home at 501 Fifth ave., Lansingburgh, N. Y.

AN AUTHOR ATHLETE.

"When Julian Hawthorne left Harvard he was four and one-half inches larger around the chest than John L. Sullivan. Had he trained for the ring he could have knocked the world's champion out in five minutes."

The speaker was William Blakie, the well-known New York lawyer, lecturer and gymnast, at the close of his lecture on "How to Get Strong," at Y. M. C. A. Hall, Toledo, the other night.

"Hawthorne was at Harvard when I rowed in the race of '86," continued Mr. Blakie, "and although we were not in the same class we were firm friends. I was officer of the boat's crew at the time, and Hawthorne couldn't row a little bit. He tipped the crew over in the river one day and gave us all a good ducking. That was more than we could stand, and we put him out. Hawthorne was a stalwart fellow, magnificent build, etc. But human nature couldn't stand everything. 'Go down to Yale,' said Wilkinson, the wit of the crew, looking up at Hawthorne, 'and tell them that you are not big enough to row with the Harvard crew.'"

"But he was stout. Broad-shouldered and brave and gentle. He was the pride of the school. One night he remembered that he wanted something at home. He waited that night to the House of the Seven Gables, twenty-six miles there, twenty-six miles back again, and was at the college before sunrise the next morning—fifty-two miles in a single night. And he don't think anything of a walk of twenty miles even now. Remember the story of how he broke the sword for a German officer who persistently insulted him on the bridge in Germany? Julian has a sweet, kind, friendly disposition, and wouldn't quarrel with any one. But he took the sword out of the hands of

the German officer, broke it across his knee and threw it over the bridge into the river below. And he could have dropped the big German in after it if he had been so disposed.

"Hawthorne was an athlete, but he was also a scholar. One of the best things I ever saw him do was when he helped Eliot Clark, son of James Freeman Clark, out in his studies. Hawthorne came into young Clark's room to get him to go on some short excursion.

"Can't go," said Clark, 'got to write a theme.' 'Oh, that's the trouble,' said Hawthorne. 'Let me have your pen. What's the subject?' 'Tennyson's Two Voices.'"

"In half an hour Julian Hawthorne dashed off a review which has since been the wonder of Harvard and surprised the best critics. He gave it to Eliot Clark.

"The next time our professor saw James Freeman Clark, he exclaimed:

"I want to congratulate you upon your son's production."

Young Clark at once gave Hawthorne the credit of it.

TWENTY LIVES LOST AT SEA.

A most disastrous shipwreck occurred at 2 o'clock the morning of Jan. 8th, near the Little Island life-saving station, fourteen miles south of Cape Henry, Va. Not less than twenty lives were lost, among them five life-saving men, who, in the discharge of their duty, were drowned. The morning was bitterly cold, and a blinding snow storm prevailed, with the wind blowing a gale from the northeast. During a lull in the storm the life-saving patrol from Little Island life-saving station sighted a large ship stranded on the bar about 800 yards from the shore. When he saw the vessel he was on his way to meet the patrol from Dam Neck station and exchange checks showing that both patrolmen had been to the end of their beat. The Dam Neck patrol was only a few yards distant when the vessel was sighted, and both fired rockets to notify the crew of the stranded ship that she had been seen. They hurried back to their respective stations and gave the alarm.

In a little while both crews, with lifeboats and apparatus, were abreast of the wreck, and the boom of a mortar announced that a line had been shot out to the ill-fated vessel. The shot was unsuccessful, and a second was fired with like result. After firing six unsuccessful shots, the life-saving men determined to brave the furious sea and the death which seemed certain to await their venture. The word of command being given by Capt. Belanza of Life Saving Station No. 4, known as Little Island, six of the most expert boatmen manned each boat. At his command the men gave way with a will, and in a moment both boats were breasting the furious waves. They reached the ship in safety, and five of the ship's crew were taken in a lifeboat and ten in a ship's boat, which was launched for the purpose. The boats were headed for shore and not a word was spoken, for each man realized the awful peril which surrounded them. With a steady pull the two boats were making good headway for shore, when a wave of great power struck both boats, capsizing them instantly and pitching their twenty-two occupants into the boiling sea.

Then began a desperate struggle for life, and with many of the men it was a prolonged one. The horrified life-savers on the beach were powerless to assist their drowning comrades or the unfortunate strangers. The drowning men were carried southward by the seas, and some of them were washed ashore. As they came within reach they were picked up, and endeavors were made to revive them, and in two instances with success, although one of the two was badly injured.

The vessel is the German ship *Elizabeth*, Capt. Halbersadt, from Hamburg to Baltimore, and not one of her crew survives her wreck. Her cargo is unknown, as the high seas have thus far prevented any attempt to reach her. It is thought she is leaking badly, and at sunset her masts were thought to be giving way.

Of the life-saving crew the following were lost: Abel Belanza, captain of No. 4, known as Little Island, J. W. Land, same station; George W. Stone, same; J. A. Belanza, of Dam Neck station, and brother of Abel; Joseph Spratley, of Dam Neck.

John Etheridge and Frank Telford, of No. 4 station, were washed ashore and resuscitated, but Etheridge is so badly injured that it is thought he cannot survive.

A BOY BEATEN TO DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

No deed of violence and death since the Cumquik tragedy has so aroused the public as the barbarous murder that was committed at the home of Andrew Brown, five miles southwest of Montezuma, Iowa, on Monday evening, Dec. 21. The coroner's inquest revealed the fact that since the 1st of October last, Andrew Brown had instituted a persistent and continued brutal system of punishment upon a defenceless grandson of six years of age. But the climax of infidelity was reached on the above night through the fiendish forces and Ethiopian exasperation of one Cloe Robinson, who was cruel to the last breath. Just imagine the little fellow, stripped of his tattered and scanty clothing, suspended to a cross-beam with a rope and unmercifully whipped with numberless hickory sticks, a folded bed cord and finally let down and the freshly made wounds bathed in brine, so that the quivering flesh sank in furrows of salt blood.

This wail was repeatedly dipped in cold water, destitute of clothing, and then tied to a stump or branchless tree far away from the house, not a sigh, sob or tear escaping the acme of his youthful martyrdom, but completely broken down with that grief that does not speak. At last the closing scene is presented when Cloe Robinson suspends the boy by his feet, and during his flagellation, while his body is swaying to and fro, his head strikes upon the door, and thoroughly bruising his head and the beating with the rope causes his body to descend to the floor. In his writhing and struggling he endeavors to crawl beneath the dress of his assailant, when she tramps upon his breast and body until the tissues beneath are one mass of clotting blood. The ferocity and violence would almost equal the horrors of the Inquisition of the Dark Ages or the tribal conflicts of the Gatos of India. Mrs. Robinson's apron and the rope she used are both covered with blood and will appear in evidence at the proper time.

JOHN DUGAN.

[With Portrait.]

John Dugan, the Troy phenomenon, is twenty-two years old and tips the beam at 154 pounds. He is considered by competent judges the coming right fielder

He has played on several amateur clubs, and this season guarded the right field for the Troy Club. He is a left-handed hard hitter and a first-class base runner, and can play any place you will put him, and as a thrower there is no better. With Jack's gentlemanly ways he gains friends both on and off the ball field. His home is at 15 Orr street, Troy, N. Y.

EDWIN TAMKINS AND MRS. DEIBERT.

[With Portrait.]

A dapper little Englishman by the name of Edwin Tamkins jumped into notoriety by falling violently in love with Miss Charlotte Sanford and letting every body in New Haven know of it. He boarded with Mrs. Sanford and her two daughters on Trumbull street, and, altogether with poetry and song, the Englishman got very spooney. Before Edwin had taken up his residence with Mrs. Sanford he had gone through the agony of getting a divorce from Mrs. Tamkins, whom he had married in England and brought all the way to America to look for happiness. Instead of getting peace, he found nothing but agonizing doubts. The silver lining of prosperity which he thought lined every American cloud, wasn't to be observed by Mr. Tamkins. He couldn't find work, and in this hopeless predicament he turned his attention to his wife, who by the way, had given up waiting and gone forth to battle with the world for Edwin and herself. Edwin became jealous. He thought when his wife had to support him, she no longer loved him, and he so questioned the woman's conduct that she was compelled to sue for a divorce. After his divorce, Edwin was very disconsolate. He met Miss Charlotte Sanford and told her his story. He said she took him home and introduced him to her mother. There wasn't much to Mr. Tamkins in the way of star, but his new acquaintances were impressed by his story and took him to board, although his finances at the time were way down below par. Here is where the fun began. Miss Sanford dashed off her poems and read them to Mr. Tamkins. As was very proper, the little fellow fell in love, but as far as she learned his inamorata did not reciprocate. Shortly afterward, John R. Deibert, a bookkeeper for Merwin, the tailor, appeared upon the scene and began a siege upon Miss Sanford's heart. Tamkins still lived in the house and proceeded to make the life of his ex-love weary. He proposed to her a dozen times upon the public highway. In fact, he made himself so obnoxious that Mrs. Sanford turned him out, although he still had a board bill to pay. When Tamkins' devotion could no longer be mastered, he attempted to climb in the back window. He was almost in when the mighty arm of a big policeman fell heavily upon the back of his collar. Mr. Tamkins went to jail. The love-sick Englishman is now a free man, but he learned to his sorrow that Miss Sanford is no longer free, as she had, in the meantime, married the bookkeeper. Mr. Tamkins has now, through his attorneys, brought a breach of promise suit against Mrs. Deibert, to recover \$5,000 damages. The papers aver that on August 12, 1885, the parties to the suit became engaged.

DUNCAN C. ROSS.

[With Portrait.]

Duncan C. Ross, champion mounted swordsman, who has met and defeated the following swordsmen: Col. Lenon, Capt. Jennings, Sergts. Davis and Crowley, Gen. Legros, Capts. Garigue and Voss, Professors McGregor and Orolosky, Majors O'Brien and McGuire, and who will leave America for St. Petersburg, Russia, to try conclusions with Count Petrosky, one of the instructors of the Imperial Guard of the Czar. Mr. Ross was born in Scutari, Asiatic Turkey, of Scotch parents, March 16, 1855, and served six years in the British army. Ross is not only the undisputed champion swordsman, but champion athlete and mixed wrestler as well, and in the course of his professional career he has accumulated considerable wealth and owns a pair of the finest saddle stallions in the country.

GEORGE S. CHAMBERLIN.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Treasurer Chamberlin, of the prosperous Windsor theatre.

NO. 92,507

Draws \$2,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery—Held by a River Steamboat Porter—The Wheel of Fortune.

A *Journal* reporter visited the Green River steamer "Evansville" yesterday while she was lying at the wharf, and interviewed Mr. Lindsey Hayden, who was one of the lucky holders of ticket No. 92,507, which drew the Third Capital Prize of \$20,000 in the last of The Louisiana State Lottery drawings. Mr. Hayden is a colored gentleman, and has for some five years been holding a position as porter on that steamboat. He was very much elated over his good fortune.

"By occupying a steady position and being economical in my mode of living, I managed to save enough money to build a little house for my family, which consists of a wife and one child. My home is in Franklin, Ky. About six weeks ago my house was burned to the ground. I carried no insurance on either the house or household effects. My family had nowhere to go, but luckily I had \$50 in my pocket when I heard of the fire and their condition. I at once sent home \$50, with which they were to buy some clothing, a few household goods, and to rent a building in which to live. The remaining \$21 I concluded to invest in Louisiana State Lottery tickets. I was down-hearted and felt a little reckless. A faint hope was entertained that may be I would be fortunate enough to draw something, and when the news reached me that I had drawn \$2,000, my joy was unbounded."

Mr. Hayden further stated that he would continue in his present capacity on the steamer "Evansville," and that he intended to build a nice cottage for his family and save the rest of the money. The ticket was purchased in this city. The *Journal* congratulates the lucky man, who is worthy of his good fortune.—*Evansville (Ind.) Journal*, Dec. 31.

A Fearful Leap

Into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of short-sightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards. Some have made over \$50 in a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes, all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.



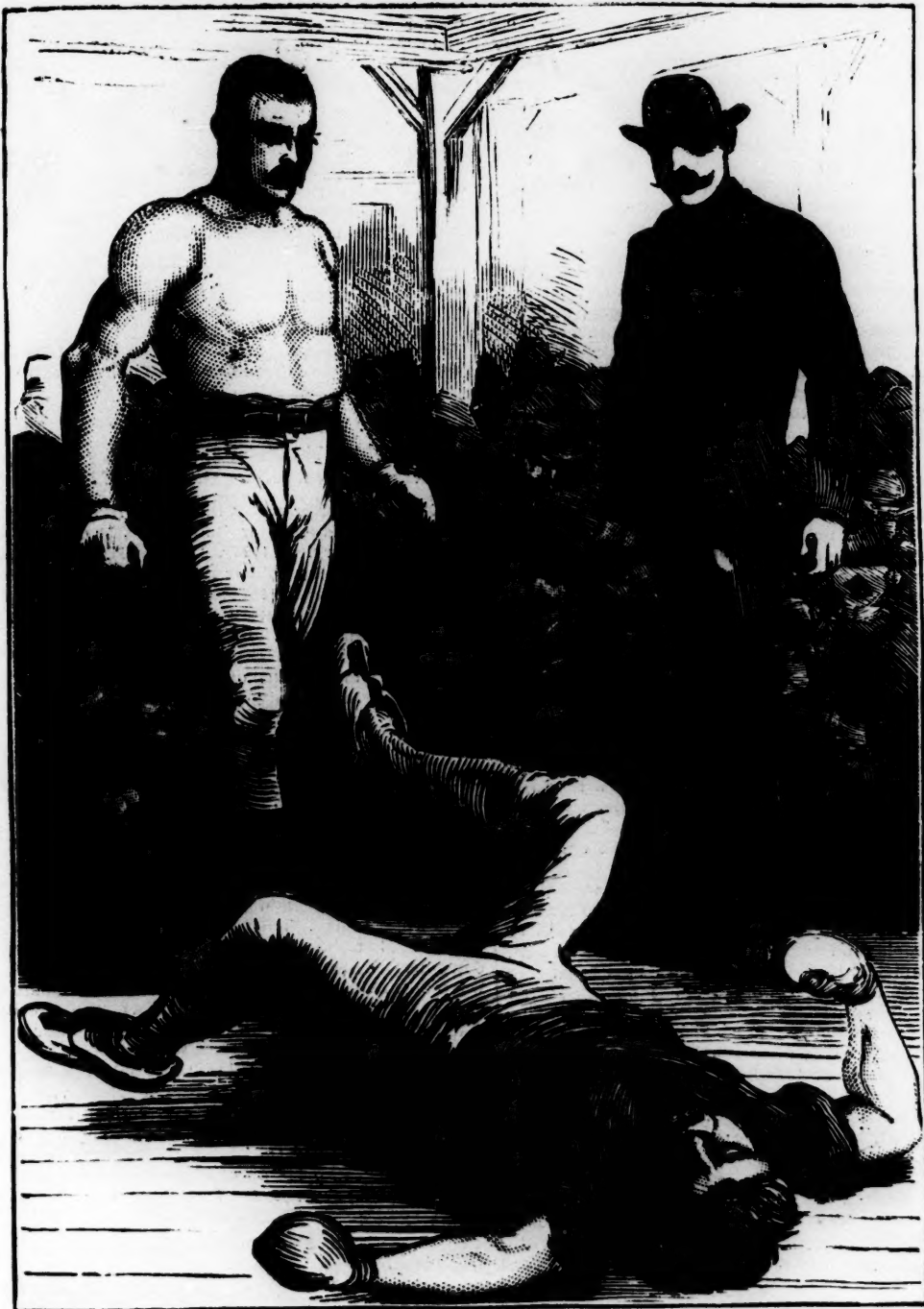
HOOTED OUT OF TOWN.

THE UNPLEASANT CEREMONIES WHICH CONDUCTED COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONER A. F. NICHOLS OUT OF TOWN AT WELLSBURG, N. Y.



SHE HAD THE NERVE.

MISS ELLIE MORTIMER OF NYACK, N. Y., GALLANTLY RESCUES TWO YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED ICE YACHTSMEN.



SOMETHING DROPPED.

AN AMBITIOUS CORNISH MINER THINKS HE CAN STAND UP TO JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND COMES TO GRIEF AT FORT KEOGH, MONT.



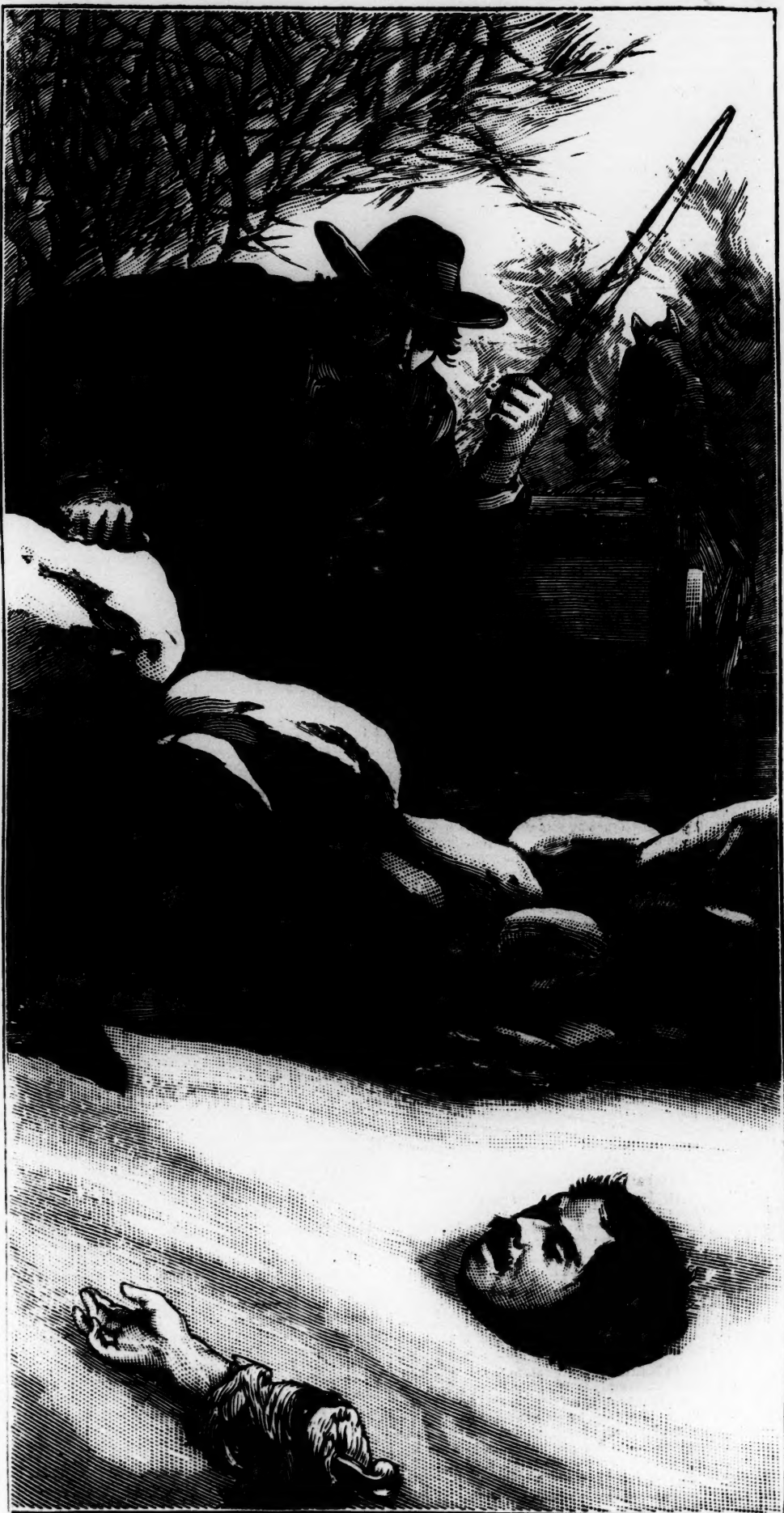
SHE WOULDN'T STAND UP.

MRS. MARY EDWARDS OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., REFUSES TO GET UP AND DRESS IN RESPONSE TO A POLICE JUSTICE'S WARRANT.



PUNCHING AN EDITOR.

JOHN O'DAY AND HIS BROTHER OF SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, HAVE A PUGILISTIC DIFFICULTY WITH JOURNALIST STROTHER OF THAT VIVACIOUS LITTLE BURG.



ANOTHER MASSACHUSETTS MONSTER.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF MILKMAN CODMAN, MURDERED BY HIS STABLEBOY, ON LINCOLN ROAD, LEXINGTON, MASS.



JEALOUS OF THE PARSON.

GENERAL WM. SOOY SMITH OF NEW YORK CITY SPEAKS A PIECE OF HIS MIND TO THE REV. OLIVER J. BOOTH OF BUFFALO, N. Y., ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Jack Keenan, the noted light-weight, returned to Philadelphia.

There is a chance of Gilmore and Hurst meeting at no distant date.

Sullivan is confident that he can knock out Jim Smith in two rounds.

Sullivan and his combination showed to an immense audience in Kansas City on Jan. 7.

Jack Burke and Frank Glover, heavy-weight champion of Illinois, are matched to fight in three weeks.

Mike Walsh and Harry Gilmore are to have a boxing match in Ottawa during the time of the winter races there.

Jack Brady, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, died at Fresno, Cal., recently, from excessive drinking.

"Toff" Wall, the English middle weight champion pugilist, has not arrived in this country, nor will he before March.

The following is the prize ring Adonia's latest: "After I meet Smith I shall do the statue business with my father-in-law's ministers."

A by-law will be introduced into the Montreal city council at its next meeting to prohibit sparring matches with gloves in that city.

Eugene Higgins and Paddy Carr, bantam weights, both of this city, have been matched to fight for \$100 a side within three weeks' time.

The fight with small gloves, for a purse, between Dan Custy, of Long Island, and "Happy" Jack Lynch, of this city, will take place shortly.

Ottawa sports are endeavoring to arrange a glove contest between Harry Gilmore and Billy Hawkins, of Winnipeg, to take place in that city.

It has been decided that hereafter all championship prize ring fights in England must be fought in England, according to the new rules of the London prize ring.

Dick Yarwood, who was a member of the McCaffrey combination, will meet six men in glove contests on as many different nights at the Theatre Comique this week.

George Fulljames writes that he has a feather-weight, Chas. McDoyle, that he would like to match for \$500 against Fitzpatrick, of Montreal, or any feather-weight living.

Billy Frazier says he will bet McCulliffe \$100 in addition to the offer of \$100 that he (McCulliffe) cannot knock him out in ten rounds. Frazier has made a deposit of \$10 to make his word good.

James Maher, of Brooklyn, it is claimed, can defeat any of the feather weights who are clamoring for a "go" in this city. He is said to have stopped Jack Farrell, of Harlem, quick, about eighteen months ago.

The meeting between the heavy weights, Jake Kilrain and Joe Lannon, which was to have taken place on Jan. 5, is off. They will soon meet, it is expected, in Boston, for a \$2,000 purse, ten rounds, Queensberry rules.

Dominick McCaffrey recently received a letter from the New York Racquet Club stating that there was a purse of \$300—\$200 to the winner and \$100 to the loser—open to any Philadelphia boxer under 124 pounds who would fight Jack Farrell, of New York, to a finish. Tom Tully will probably give Farrell a "go."

"Glipper" Donahue, a well-known boxer, was at Philadelphia on January 8, charged before Magistrate Thompson with engaging in a prize fight with Paddy Langtry on Friday night. Evidence was produced to show that the match was "a friendly scrap," which had been arranged as a "benefit" for Langtry, and the prisoner was discharged.

A glove contest between Mike Walsh, of Quebec, and Jack Fennel, of Montreal, was decided on Jan. 5 at Montreal, before a large gathering of sports. The backers of each man were confident of success. Fennel was the favorite, and after a stiff contest was knocked out in the third round. The police were present, but did not interfere until the fight was all over.

Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, has developed into a clever boxer. John H. Clark has issued a challenge on Conley's behalf, and offers to match him against any heavy weight in the country, for six or eight rounds, for \$1,000 a side. Conley is very anxious to get along as a boxer, and Clark thinks that it will not be long before he will be able to better any but the very tip-toppers.

A match has been arranged between the feather-weights like Wolf, the Belfast Spider, of England, whom Alf Greenfield sent over to this country, and Tommy Danforth, for a purse of \$500 and a bet of \$1,000 a side. Neither man is to scale more than 124 pounds. The fight will take place the first week in February, within 250 miles of Boston. The articles call for the men to fight with skin gloves in a finish, Marquis of Queensberry rules. The Spider has gone into training, taking his training exercise at Patsy Sheppard's, in Boston.

"Illustrated Sports," an English sporting journal, says: "There is a rare opportunity now for the English champion to do a good stroke of business. He has only to arrange a meeting with Sullivan to box a limited number of rounds, to ensure a substantial addition to his exchequer, whether he proved successful or not. If a suitable building could be procured, the receipts would not fall short of \$15,000, and allowing \$2,000 for expenses there would be the nice little balance of \$13,000 to cut up, so if the loser only received 25 per cent, his share would amount to \$2,500, and the winner's nearly \$2,000."

Arthur Mullen, of Brooklyn, called at the "Police Gazette" office on January 11 with Paddy Smith, the well-known light-weight boxer of Brooklyn, covered the \$50 forfeit Johnny Reagen, of New York, left with Richard K. Fox, and accepted Reagen's challenge to fight according to "Police Gazette" rules, at 133 pounds, with gloves, for \$250 or \$300 a side. The fight to take place four weeks from signing articles, within 100 miles of New York city. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. Smith means business and Reagen appears willing, and there is every indication of a match being arranged. Smith stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches, is twenty-three years of age and weighs 140 pounds. He has won several encounters in the prize ring.

On Dec. 22 the last act of the Smith and Knifton prize ring drama was called in the Thames Police Court, London, before Judge Saunders, the result being that with the exception of the two drivers, Kent and Metcalf, against whom the case was dismissed, each of them were bound over in their own recognizances of £10, and one surety of £10, to keep the peace for twelve months. In delivering judgment, Mr. Saunders said: "He was not one of those who looked with very great horror on the ring. It had done a great deal of good, and it had imparted a spirit of fairness to the lower orders." He was not therefore going to run down the ring.

"If a prize fighter conducted himself properly, he had as much right to be looked upon with respect as any other member of the community." The latter remark being greeted with applause in court.

The following letters will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed: L. Alauzopana, Chas. M. Anderson (6), James Burns, John Blackley, Phil. Brubeck Thomas Bennett, Doc. Bagg, Montie P. Bentley, Jas. Brady, Jack Boylan, Fred Cunningham, Judge J. Crotty, J. D. Cannon, Mr. Chemah, Chinese dwarf, Young Cannon, Frank Downel, Wm. Daly, owner of dog Ned; Thos. Dobbins, Miss Anne Duncombe, actress; Harry Dobson, Pete Duffy, Ed. Decker, Peter Duryea, John Edwards, Terry Duffy, Thos. F. Drohan, Chas. E. Kidrod, John Flynn, Geo. W. Foster, James Faulkner, Jas. W. Fullbrook (2), E. J. Gates (2), Dick Garvin, Chas. E. Greene, Capt. F. E. Hallock, Thos. Hauli han (2), Tom Hall, W. H. Hutchinson, John T. Hartnett (jumper), Tom Hussey, Edward Hayes, J. Edwin Irving (Peck's Bad Boy Co.) E. J. James, M. K. Kiddleman (printer), Thos. King (2), Frederick Krohn, Dan Kane (2), Byrne McGuire, Patsy Murphy, Arthur Mullen, Jos. A. Montmore, G. D. Montgomery, Wm. Mantell, Alfred Oakley, John S. Peck, Chas. Pringle, P. Fanchot, Mich. Plamun, John Roonan (2), J. Robbings, Felix, Roy, Billy Redmond, Mr. Smith, Anthony Stroble, Mike St. Quentin, Mich. Scully, John Teemer, Capt. Manuel C. Thomas, Tom Turk, Miss May Tobin (2), Wm. Turner, J. S. Taylor, Harry Vaughan, Misses Vernon, Tom Ward, Wilson & Williams, Prof. Harry Wyre,

J. A. Wales (2), Wm. H. Zeno, Thos. Carey, Old Bill Devere, W. G. George (printer), Peter Hegelman (pedestrian), Ed. Hanley, Louis Jester, Mr. Simpson, Matsada Sorakichi (2), Jas. C. McGee, Prof. W. C. McClellan, Wm. Patterson, W. Murphy, J. A. Lightfoot, Harry Webb (2), Geo. D. Noremec, Capt. McMahon, Mr. Patterson, Young Whistler, Wm. Soudan.

The following explains itself: CHICAGO, Jan. 2, 1887.

To The Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR—If you will allow me space in your valuable paper I would like to make a few remarks in regard to my meeting with Pat Killen at St. Paul, Minn., on the 23d ult. First I would say I meant to fight up to within 20 minutes of the time of getting ready, and I believe that Killen meant the same. But the little came about in this way: John S. Barnes and M. A. Ryan, better known as "Cabbage" Ryan, had the management of the affair. Mr. Barnes representing me, and Ryan representing Killen. Now, Mr. Killen is a big, good-natured fellow, and a man of Ryan's calibre can make him (Killen) believe most anything. Well, Barnes and Ryan had Killen under their thumb for about two weeks, and I presume that Pat thought that he was dealing with two angels without wings. I arrived in St. Paul Dec. 21, and after dinner I visited about the same number of cuts of Killen in ring costume. I returned to the hotel and asked Barnes how much the printing bill would amount to, and he started off with items that made my head swim. In fact I thought that I had got off at the wrong station, or perhaps the ice palace they are building there now had blinded me. To say the least, I knew that there was something "rotten in Denmark."

I knew that Ryan was a very slick article, but I flattered myself that if I could draw him into a conversation for a few minutes I could pretty near tell what hand he intended to play in the great St. Paul fizzle. Well, I saw Ryan and he started off rough-shod to show me what he knew, and also a few things that he did not know. It did not take him long. He told me all the correspondence that Barnes and myself had. Barnes wrote me that Killen was "hot fat." Ryan told me that he wrote that at his (Ryan's) dictation, in order to throw me off. I will say, in justice to Killen, that he is a wonder of wonders, and in my opinion the only man living that stands any show with the champion. I will say in conclusion that both Killen and myself were victims of a skin game. Further details are not necessary. This is my side of the story. Respectfully yours, WM. BRADSHAW.

The long-pending prize ring encounter between Jim Evans and Billy Manning was decided at Kansas City on Jan. 2. A ring was erected in a barn and the principals and their seconds were hustled into the house after the honest farmer had sent his family off to church and the crowd was left out at the barn, where for three hours they kicked their heels together and cursed their luck while Manning and Evans were coming to terms. There was not enough money in the pot to suit either of the men and they kept the crowd between a cold sweat and freezing to death from noon until after 3 o'clock before they would consent to go into the ring. Most of the spectators had left in the morning without their breakfasts, and as there was not a thing to eat anywhere in sight, they had the reverse of a delightful time waiting in the frightfully cold air for the thing to come off. The pot was finally swelled to enough to satisfy the pugilists, both of whom were anxious enough to fight, but not for nothing. The doors of the barn were taken opened and the few spectators admitted. The ring was built in the roadway of the barn, and it was about the rudest thing of the kind ever constructed. It was but little over ten feet across and only about sixteen feet long. The rope was stretched along the sides and the end, with little or no protection from the upright supports and posts of the hay mows on the sides. It was even colder inside the barn than outside, and the small crowd shivered and completed the freezing-out process for another half hour, while the men were getting ready. There was considerable trouble to get a referee, but one was finally agreed upon and a few minutes later the seconds of the fighters made their appearance and tossed up for corners. It was hard to tell how the winner could have the best of it, but Evans was put in the southeast and Manning in the northwest points. At 3:25 o'clock they were brought down from the house all swaddled up in wraps. Evans was the first to strip and he showed up in a neat-fitting pair of black tights, with flesh-colored hose and black leather shoes. He tipped the beam at 132 pounds. Manning doffed his outer garments and looked somewhat what he felt. The crowd was too cold to take much interest in the preliminaries and speculated chiefly upon the chances of the men' freezing to death in their nearly-naked costumes. Some of the formalities were dispensed with, and the men were called to time in the first round as soon as possible. Both looked earnest and determined, and sparred carefully for an opening. After several felts Evans led off with his right, which fell short, and there was an interchange. Evans fought the fighting, but leaving several excellent openings caught Manning's right in the neck and jaw. They fought savagely at close quarters for a moment, clinched and broke away in Manning's corner, the latter as he stepped in the center getting a right-handed clip over the right optic that broke the skin and brought first blood, which was claimed for Evans and allowed. In the wind up Evans was forced to the east door and a body blow sent him half through in his right leg going down through the opening between the bottom of the door and the barn floor, from which he managed to extricate himself at the call of time. The second round was made lively by Manning forcing the fighting, for which he got promptly and prettily slugged by Evans, and it soon became evident to all that the winner would be satisfied at the finish that he had been to a fight. An under cut with the left by Manning followed, with a right-hand swing that caught Evans on the side of the head, raised him off his feet and sent him in a heap against the rough boards at the side. The round closed with some heavy close hitting and a square knock-down for Manning, who swung his left with good effect. Notwithstanding Manning seemed to have slightly the best of the game so far, there was not a mark on Evans' face or body, while his opponent already showed punishment and the clip over the left eye caused it to swell. In the third Manning led off with his left; Evans countered with his left, and followed up with some hard two-handed fighting. In the wind-up Manning made a clever hint with his left and landed his right full on Evans' jaw, knocking him into his corner at the call of time. The fourth round was a slugging match between Manning's lead, both men fighting close and being forced against the ropes repeatedly. After a clinch and break-away in Manning's corner the latter got in a square right-hand upper cut on the jaw and Evans went down. An effective right-hand lick in the neck finished the round in Manning's favor. The fifth round was clearly "in Evans' favor." He countered from Manning's lead and landed three or four rapid licks on his opponent's head. In a rush he knocked Manning down and let him have a wicked right-handed blow in the back of the neck as he was going down. Manning's seconds claimed a foul and Evans was warned. There was not much fighting in the sixth round, each being a little leary of the other. Evans hardly showed a scratch and seemed in a little better wind than his opponent. In the seventh Manning did some vigorous work from the leading off, doing effective slugging with his left. Two or three undercuts caught Evans under the jaw and set him to bleeding at the mouth and the pounding he had around the ring showed him to be out-matched and almost settled the fight in Manning's favor. The eighth round was a general rest-up for both. Manning's eye began to close. The ninth was all one-sided, Manning getting in a clear knock-down and fighting Evans to his quarters all the time. He went down in his corner two or three times from the rapid body and head blows of the California boy. In the tenth Evans was knocked right and left, and a left-handed swinging blow in the mouth cut his underlip badly. Manning forced the fight in an endeavor to finish his man quickly and rained right and left blows upon his opponent, whose efforts and blows had become weak and kittenish. In the wind-up they clinched in Evans' corner, and when time was called at the break-away they fell into the arms of their seconds. In the twelfth Evans staggered to the call of time and offered but feeble resistance to Manning's blows. He hardly got out of his corner and went down repeatedly to avoid punishment. He finally sunk to his knees and did not get up and a claim for the fight was made for Manning, which the referee declined to allow, and ordered them to go to it again. It was useless, however, as Evans was done for. He was knocked completely out, and in an effort to respond to the call of time, stood up, staggered, and fell in a heap to the floor. He could not rise, though he tried to get up, and the referee gave the fight to Manning. Evans was picked up limp as a fish, and had to be carried from the barn to the house. The fight lasted fifty-six minutes, and there was a skurry by the spectators to make the train late to the city. Notwithstanding the fearful exposure and inconvenience the crowd was put to, every man was satisfied that he had witnessed the best and most genuine fight that has taken place in Kansas City in years.

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

The Puritan will enter for the English ocean race. Imp. Billet ranks second to Glenelg in winning sires of 1886.

Rochester's Grand Circuit meeting takes place Aug. 9, 10, 11 and 12.

Hyalop will be one of the riders for Mrs. George Lorillard's stable this year.

Harry Bethune and Fred Vokes are matched for a 150 yard dash, for \$1,000 a side.

The racing season in the East will be opened at Clifton, N. J., on St. Patrick's Day.

The Prince of Wales is President of the Grand National Hunt Committee, the ruling power of British steeplechasing.

Recently John Moran beat C. E. Gibson 3 feet in a 100-yard dash for \$500 at Springfield, Ill. Gibson worked the double cross.

English trainers in America say that Fitzpatrick, in resolute style of finish, activity and general build greatly resembles the late Archer.

Peter Fridy challenges any of nine runners to go him half a mile for \$500 a side. Case, of Hamilton, and Moffat, of Montreal, are mentioned.

David Pulsifer, the Chicago turfman, is in New York, and his stable of racers, comprising Grimaldi, Taxkatherer and Sir Joseph, will soon follow him.

The Montreal Bicycle Club claims 6,050 miles as the distance ridden last season by seventy-six members. F. W. Crisp has the best record, 826 miles.

Keagney won a running long jump at the Hurlingham Grounds, near Melbourne, Aus., Nov. 17. He cleared 22 feet 9 inches; Morgan, 24, 22 feet 3 inches.

Tom Connor proved the winner of his catch-as-catch-can wrestling match with William Chadwick at McKeesport, Pa., recently. He won two falls out of three.

Johnny Murphy, the trainer and driver, says that the man who brought him out was the late Dan Pfeiffer, and not Hiram Woodruff, as a great many people suppose.

Perkins and Bubeare are matched to row for the championship of England, the Sportsman Challenge cup, and £400 in February, and have both gone into training.

Jacob Schaefer and Wm. Sexton cannot agree on the place of meeting for their proposed billiard match, and it has accordingly fallen through, although each had \$1,000 posted.

A handicap sculling sweepstake race for a large purse will take place over the Paramatta course, Sydney, N. S. W., the latter part of next season. The race will be open to the world.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, the editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has been elected one of the governors of the Brighton Beach Racing Association.—New York Daily News, Jan. 8, 1887.

It is estimated that nearly £400,000 changed hands over the recently-run Melbourne Cup. One bank alone had a call for close on to £100,000. The book-makers were hit hard all during the meeting.

William Weeks, the well-known trainer, has purchased of E. Cadogan, Bayonne, N. J., the grey gelding Marcus, 2:29 1/4, by Administrator, dam Emily C., dam of Bayonne Prince, 2:21 1/4, by State of Maine, for \$3,000.

At New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 5, 1887, Calyx Fontaine of New Bedford, wrestled with Prof. Bagley, of Boston. The first bout, Graco-Roman, was won by Bagley; the second, catch-as-catch-can, by Fontaine. Time, 4 minutes 16 1/2 seconds and 12 seconds.

Last night, at the annual election of the Palisade Boat Club, held at Yonkers, N. Y., the following officers were elected: Captain, L. N. Morris; Lieutenant, E. R. De Wolfe; President, K. G. Jackson; Secretary, R. P. Getty, Jr., and Treasurer, G. W. Jackson.

H. McMurry, of Syracuse, has covered the forfeit of \$100 put up by Graham, the champion English wing shot. Final arrangements for a match for \$500 or \$1,000 a side will shortly be completed. McMurry is a well-known member of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.

The promoters of the secession from the National Trotting Association express their gratification that so many applications for membership in the new association should be coming in. This feeling is reported at Chicago as being especially noticeable at East Saginaw and Detroit.

The first annual light and feather-weight competitions of the Fulton Athletic Club for gold and silver medals, open to all amateurs, will be decided at Fulton Hall, corner Fulton and Pineapple streets, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, Jan. 24. Medals now on exhibition at No. 294 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete and swordsman, called at the Police Gazette office on Jan. 8. He had just returned from Baltimore, where he made a real estate purchase. Ross left for his home at Cleveland on Jan. 10. It is understood Ross is eager to match Marvin Thompson against Capt. J. C. Daly or Jake Kilrain.

In the event of a number of American yachts traveling to England to participate in the Jubilee ocean race, they will be manned by the pick of the yachting world. It is said that an English capitalist is already considering the project of chartering a large ocean steamship for excursion purposes. She will follow the leader during the race.

It is the intention of Edward Hanlan to spend the greater portion of the winter in out-door physical labor. This will make him hard and strong and hasten his preparation for engagements in the spring. It will not be Hanlan's fault if the match with Gaudaur is not consummated. The ex champion will leave for Australia in August.

Mitchell, the baseball pitcher of San Francisco, Cal., is a pitcher who claims to be a "master of sixty-eight curves." He is a rival of the famous "Dr." Pope, of Boston, and of Kennedy, of Philadelphia, for the title of "champion pitcher." The Louisville gave him a trial for a few innings at the conclusion of a game recently. He did fairly well.

George S. Bennet, the colored stable boy, who fatally shot Edward Brown, a colored jockey, on the Brighton Beach race track last August, has been acquitted on the ground of self defense. Bennet said he knew Brown had killed two men before, and that if he hadn't shot him first he would have served him in the same way. Brown attacked Bennet with a club.

As a rejoinder to Hanlan's pretensions to the sculling championship, Joseph Thompson has explicitly directed Deeble to send a cable message to England offering Hanlan £250 for expenses Beach and Hanlan, to be rowed on Paramatta River. Beach expresses himself prepared to resign the championship when the time comes, as it must, but he is anxious to row Hanlan, to beat him, whether for the championship or not.

Gus Lambert, the champion all-round athlete of Canada, was on a visit to this city a few days ago. Lambert keeps a sporting house in Montreal and several fast trotters, but he is still eager to wrestle all comers. Lambert is eager to either wrestle or state-ho. He denies that he would have defeated him, and states he will meet McCaffrey at any time. Lambert called at the Police Gazette office before he returned to Montreal.

The directors of the American Jockey Club held their annual meeting at the club house, Madison Avenue and Twenty-seventh street, this city, on Jan. 5, and re-elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, August Belmont, treasurer, A. C. Monson; secretary, J. H. Coster. Owing to the non-attendance of a quorum there was no official meeting of the Governor of the club.

John H. Clark, the well-known boxer and sporting man of Philadelphia, who has for a number years done a great deal to promote sport in all its branches, has decided to sell out both of his places, and will embark in some other business. A great many of the sporting men of Philadelphia regret that Johnny, as he is best known, has decided to leave the sporting arena as a manager and professional.

The following explains itself: KANKAKEE, Ill., Jan. 8, 1887.

To The Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR—W. S. Chatfield offers to back J. N. Lane, of this city, for \$250 against all comers, in a 6-day go-as-you-please walking match, to take place in the "Armory" (H) here, within six weeks, winner to take entire gate receipts. Respectfully,

E. R. MCKAY.

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club have elected the following officers for 1887: Commodore, A. Cass Canfield; Vice Commodore, Robert Center; Rear Commodore, R. M. Ellis; Secretary, L. F. O'Brien; Treasurer, W. B. Simonds; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Roosevelt; Chaplain, Rev. G. A. Vandewater; Sailing Committee, L. F. Bayard, F. O. DeLure, L. M. d'Oremonix, J. A. Montant and M. M. Howland; Trustees, W. B. Simonds and R. L. Belknap.

It looks as if the National Association had broken in two. The break took place over Secretary Vail, and while the case is not a settled one, it is very certain that no compromise between the two factions can be made until he is out of the way. It has the interests of the National Association so much at heart, why don't he show it by resigning at once? He has proved his entire unfitness for such a responsible position.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on Jan. 10, the famous black trotting mare Lucy, record, 2:20 1/4, by Royal Revenge, dam by imported Harroway, and one of the stars of 1880, died from paralysis. She was sold in 1882 to Col. Oliver Payne, of this city, as one of a road pair. She fell lame soon afterward, and was given by Col. Payne to Warren Corning as a brood mare. Lucy produced no colts, and her death was the result of a fall caused by her being thrown by fence wire. She was sixteen years old.

At Binghamton, N. Y., recently, Roger P. Clark, a well-known amateur pedestrian, it is said, beat the best American amateur record in heel-and-toe pedestrianism, by covering 26 miles in 4 hours 27 minutes, at the armory, thus distancing previous records by 22 minutes. The first mile was made in 7 minutes 43 seconds, and the last in 11 minutes. He went on the track, which is 17 laps to the mile, at 1:20 o'clock and retired at 5:47. The record was kept by Capt. Olmstead, Sergt. Bush and Chas. Stiles.

A track for running races is projected at Niagara Falls. The refusal of a tract of land has been obtained and a map of the track is being made. The plans for the buildings are being drawn and everything made ready to begin work in the early spring. The track is to be a full mile, 100 feet wide, and is expected to be in readiness for the June circuit. It is the intention of the projectors to give running races similar to those at Saratoga and Sheepshead, believing that there are plenty of visitors at the Falls during the summer to support them.

Andre Christol, the French athlete, and John Connor, who has an American reputation, engaged in a wrestling contest at the Alexandra Theatre, Melbourne, Aus., Nov. 27. Tom Cannon acted as referee and Donald Dinmore was time keeper. Connor won the first fall in 17 1/2 minutes. After an interval of a quarter of an hour the second bout began, but in about three minutes the contest was over. Connor, who had Christol on the floor suddenly obtained the lock and, turning him over, quickly won a second fall and the match, which was stated to be for £100 a side and the championship of Australia.

On Jan. 5 the great curling match, the North vs. South of Scotland, for the Dalrymple medal and other curling trophies came off on Conservatory lake, Central Park, in this city, with fourteen rinks a side, this being the largest number of competitors since 1874, when seventeen rinks were in play. The match was commenced at one o'clock and continued until five o'clock, with half an hour interval for lunch. The sides were so evenly matched, that the umpire, A. McLaren, in adding up the scores found it to be 263 for the South and 244 for the North, making a majority of 19 shots for the winners. A. Dalrymple, the donor of the handsome medal, holds it for the South. A. Platt, of the North, won the Hoagland flag, first skip prize, and Senator N. D. Edwards, of Jersey City, won the Kirkpatrick medal, the second skip prize. One hundred and twelve men were in the bonspiel and the ice was hard, but it rained before the game was over, and although "it dampened the clothing it did not dampen the spirits of the curlers.

Arrangements were completed at the "Police Gazette" office Jan. 8 for a great international six-day go-as-you-please race for gate receipts and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the six-day go-as-you-please championship of the world. The race will be under the management of Frank Hill, of Philadelphia, and take place in the Elite skating rink, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and commencing at five minutes past twelve o'clock on Sunday night, Feb. 21, and ending on Saturday, Feb. 26. The rules governing the "Police Gazette" diamond belt are similar to the Astley belt rules, and no contestant will receive any share of the gate receipts that does not cover 500 miles. The track will be ten laps, or circuits, to the mile, and the scoring will be supervised by the leading athletic and boating organizations of Philadelphia. The "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt was completed for in 1882 and was won by Frank Hart, of Boston, but he failed to accept the challenge and forfeited it. The management of the race claim that they will have twenty starters, among them Strokel, the wonder; who recently won the 72-hour walk at Philadelphia; George D. Noremec, Ddy, Dan Herby, Peter Hegelman, Chris Fisher (the Police Gazette entry), John Hughes, Peter Golden, Robert Vint, and others. Richard K. Fox, the donor of the belt, will appoint the referee. Richard K. Fox, the manager, is well known, and recently managed a four hour contest which Strokel won.

We copy the following from the San Francisco "Chronicle," Dec. 28: "Fred Engelhardt, being interrogated as to the probability of any matches resulting from the challenge issued by the French champions now in Paris, replied as follows: To The Editor:

Sir—In reply to your favor of yesterday, and at the same time to those who may be interested in the communication from Charles Hughes, dated at Paris, France, Nov. 27, permit me to say that I will accept the trust reposed in me by the French champions, and will attend to their interests 'to the best of my ability. The question of championship, I think, had better be left alone, although I would not like to wager very much against the right of Muldoon to still claim that title. Regarding your inquiry whether Muldoon would be likely to take up the challenge, I can only say that he had better to state that if any important match offered, he would accept the same. He is now fulfilling a season's theatrical engagement, from which he could scarcely hope to be released until some months hence, and it is not 'improbable' that he would be more ready to accept expenses and go to Paris than to come here, as it would cost but little more to make that journey than come here, and in the event of his going over, his expenses would be paid, while he would have to pay them himself to make the match here, besides allowing the challenger \$200 under this proposition. I rather incline to the belief that Matsada Sorakichi, the Jap, who has been coming up and down of late, will be heard from, and I would not be surprised if Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE would snap that French challenge up for the POLICE GAZETTE champion. Charles Moth, who came out here with me, but who could not get a match for love or money, and who returned East disgusted, will also in all probability be heard from. And these three are the representative Graco-Roman wrestlers of America at the present time, and what is more all three have ample means of their own to make the stakes as high as 'our French correspondents may want.' At all events, I am certain that the challenge from Paris will not go a begging long. In fact, as soon as the news has reached the East, where the three named wrestlers are, I expect to hear of a lively competition for the first honor of acceptance. Immediately upon receipt of news relative to this proposed international event, from either side I will communicate the same to you. In the meantime, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Yours respectfully, FRED J. ENGLISHMAN.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Harry Bethune, the sprinter, is said to be one of the fastest runners in America at from 100 to 300 yards.

By the way, Bethune's backer is Duncan C. Ross, and I have been informed that he is to run Fred Vokes 150 yards for \$1,000 a side.

After all the advertising and all the talk, the proposed match between Jack McAuliffe and Harry Gilmore, ended in smoke, and the Canadian claims that McAuliffe backed out.

If the Gilmore and McAuliffe match is completely off and there is no probability of Gilmore inducing the light weight champion to fight him, it will be in order for Gilmore to arrange a match with Jimmy Mitchell of Philadelphia, and settle the mooted question in regard to the light weight championship.

It will also be advisable for McAuliffe to arrange a match with Arthur Chambers, who he had the audacity to challenge for notoriety, knowing that the chances of Chambers picking up the gauntlet were very slim.

If I remember, McAuliffe said: "After I meet Harry Gilmore, I will make a match with Chambers, and I will put up as much money as Chambers, and I will win."

Now is McAuliffe's time to back up his challenge or else back down and forever look ridiculous in the eyes of the sporting public.

In regard to the light-weight championship, it will not be out of place to state that there is no light-weight champion, and the public in future will bear in mind that any pugilist affixing light-weight champion to his name is only trying to deceive them.

If any boxer desires to style himself light-weight champion it should be Arthur Chambers, and he has retired, leaving the title in abeyance.

After the "Police Gazette" diamond belt is made and offered for competition, then there will be a contest for the much-abused title of light-weight championship.

I learn that Jem Smith is to come over to this country under the management of Charley Mitchell, and that he will be ready on his arrival to meet all comers.

It is also understood that Knifton wants to follow Jem Smith to this country, but lacks the funds. He wishes Richard K. Fox to send him his passage money, and says he will fight Smith on American soil. The English pug is after shekels, not fight. Sullivan can tackle Smith and Knifton in one evening. He can knock Knifton out and make a draw with Smith. The latter has a beefy neck like Tug Wilson and his jugular covered by muscle. Sullivan can't get to the knock-out point with him, but he can shake him up.

By the way, the modern prize fight is a knock-out. It used to be that men would fight 100 rounds with bare knuckles, while now it is the rule to knock a man out with gloves in a few rounds.

It is not that men have less endurance than formerly, for it is not now a question of endurance. The secret is a blow from the shoulder on the side of the neck. Such a blow, fairly planted, knocks a man out.

In the modern prize fight it is a question of skill in getting in this neck blow. Occasionally two men are so equally matched as to skill that neither can get in this blow until either is too weak to make it effective. In such a fight we have the old contest of endurance. In the majority of recent fights the neck blow does the business in a few rounds.

It is not a new discovery, this blow. In "Kenelm Chillingly," Bulwer introduces it with wonderful effect. When the light and trim hero meets a robust thumper he neatly plants this blow on his neck, and the big one goes down like a struck ox.

But Bulwer warns his readers that it is a very dangerous blow and may kill a man. The danger in it is one reason why it has been seldom resorted to by fighters. But since the introduction of glove fights it seems to have concluded that there is less risk in it. The philosophy of the thing is simple enough, and has nothing to do with the jugular veins, as fighters imagine. It forces the neck vertebrae against the spinal cord, producing temporary paralysis. The danger is in dislocating the neck. One of these days a neck-blower will kill his man, and then this blow will be discarded.

The above explains itself and needs no commentary.

After the Smith and Knifton mill ended in a fiasco, Jack Knifton's mother was so vexed that she said: "My son John shall fight Jem Smith on the lawn at the back of my house, and the ten spectators on either side could look at the battle from the windows, the seconds and the men only to be on the grass plot."

Now who in creation will claim that Knifton has not pluck, if not stamina?

If the candidate for the English heavy weight championship does not possess the above necessary requisites it is no fault of his breeding, for his mother must be made of the right quality.

Jem Smith's colors for his battle with Knifton, the 21st, which did not take place, are worthy of description.

In the centre, on a white ground, is a portrait of the English hero, surrounded by four flags, representing the standard of England, fringed with a small dark border.

Along a wonder Smith's colors did not contain a particle of green. We always supposed he had a partiality for the emerald color of old Ireland.

Jem Smith must recollect that we try to be correct.

Though some things make us wonder what they seem. And the colors of garish glare On this fete made us stare. For we thought he liked wearing of the green.

Speaking of Smith reminds me that there was a time when the championship of England was an office which conferred honor on the highest, when "Marmion, Lord of Scrivellave of Tamworth town and town," held a grant of the lands of Polesworth, on condition of doing battle in single combat against all knights, enemies of the King.

The days of chivalry, however, have passed away, and the office has been abolished. Lance and battle-axe have been laid aside, and become mere relics of the past; the Dymocks are still extant. The muscular and brawny champions who succeeded the Dymocks had at first no lack of patronage, and we read that in Broughton's last fight he was backed by the Duke of Cumberland, who almost acted as his second, and that few great battles took place at that period at which one or more of the sons of George III. was not present.

Gully was seconded on more than one occasion by Sir Thomas Apper, until that champion (Gully) retired from the ring and sat in the House of Commons as member for Pontefract. A noted brawler in those days was thought good company for any man, and we learn almost without surprise how about sixty-five

years ago Lord Camelford "assisted" Belcher when he fought Bourke in the churchyard of St. George's, Hanover Square, in the presence of 10,000 spectators.

Lord Deerpur used to second Spring, and the said Spring was in the habit of being driven round town sitting cheek by jowl with the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness, a handling the ribbons. In the present day to see Albert Edward tooling a pair of the King of Morocco's Arabs, with Jem Smith by his side, would be an eye-opener indeed.

Is there such a plethora of money behind Slosson and Schaefer at Chicago or are the checks deposited marketable commodity?

When a boxing match is made, Or a billiard one is played, Or something else is started as a spec; We do not hear of gold, But the daily sports unfold That so-and-so's deposited a check.

That the national game is increasing its area, is proven nowadays in more ways than one. Even staid old Kansas seems to have caught on. Our Emporia correspondent in his latest letter says that nearly every city in Kansas will have a professional team next year. Leavenworth and Topeka are in the Western League. Wichita, Lawrence, Wellington, Arkansas City, Newton, Parsons, Atchison, Salina, Abilene, Emporia, Hutchinson and Great Bend will also have teams and form a State League of their own.

We mention these facts only for the reason that a year or two ago there was not a professional team in the country lying west of St. Louis, while now there is a round dozen in the State of Kansas alone. If this is not proof that the game is increasing its area, where is proof to be found?

After all, boxing must be useful and popular, judging by the prominent men who have studied and practiced the manly art.

Roscoe Conkling is an expert. So is ex-Governor Leland Stanford of California. The late General Logan was a scientific sparrer, and not long ago he sent a note to Prof. Collins, a boxing master, inviting him to call at his residence.

Collins retired from the ring several years ago. He was known as the cast iron man, and defeated George Rooke, who was the champion middle weight of the United States.

Collins called at the General's residence, taking a pair of boxing gloves along with him. The General told him that he was entirely out of practice and wished to arrange for a series of lessons. Finally he saw the boxing gloves and proposed to take a lesson then. Collins assented and the General led the way to a spare room.

The first three rounds were purely for scientific points, and Collins soon found out that the General, though out of practice, had science enough to absorb his whole attention. Both men were pretty well winded, and a suggestion was adopted that they rest ten minutes. At the conclusion of that time they came to the scratch for the wind-up.

Several vicious blows were struck, and Collins began to bring all of his science into it. He was the General repeatedly out away from him without punishment. Finally Collins made a desperate rush, but unguardedly left an opening. The General improved it, and by a neat and clever undercut struck the boxing master a terrific blow on his under jaw which completely knocked him out.

The noise of the heavy fall alarmed Mrs. Logan, and she rushed up stairs, only to find the General holding Collins' head on his knee and making vigorous efforts to bring him to.

Why, then, should there be a crusade against glove contests and boxing when such illustrious statesmen as Roscoe Conkling and the late General Logan were experts and patronized it.

Until Jack Dempsey and Charley Mitchell meet in the arena, and settle the question of supremacy, Mitchell's admirers will claim that he can conquer Dempsey, and the latter's partisans and followers will claim the supremacy for Dempsey.

Dempsey is eager to fight Mitchell, and on the latter's arrival he will challenge him, and should Charles be ready to meet the middle-weight champion there will be no hitch in the match.

In a letter to a friend Mitchell stated that he would defeat Dempsey, and the champion said to Mitchell's friend he would meet him. Apropos is the following: Tell Mitchell no arm as yet has won the laurel wreath; Undaunted still, I now hurl back defiance in his teeth, And when the day of trial comes, unless he fails to meet us, I'll spoil Charley's idle chaff and give him a quietus.

Beach, the carman, is home, and crowing very lustily. After slipping away from England he is now terribly anxious to row Hanlan at any time, and "Joe" Thompson, the Leviathan bookmaker, announces his willingness to give the ex-champion \$250 for expenses if he will row the Australian on the Parramatta for \$1,000 a side. If Joseph Thompson had not a world wide fame for being as good as his word, I should be disposed to regard his offer as a bluff.

Hanlan has definitely stated that under no circumstances will he row on the Parramatta. In the first place he does not regard it as a fair course, and in the second he cannot see why all rivers should not be alike to a man in his own country. He (Hanlan) has rowed everywhere and on all waters. He lost his title abroad, and after a journey made at his own expense and risk. If he had squatted on his own ranch and bid Beach defiance from a safe distance, that doughty ferryman, instead of being a well-to-do athlete, would still be pursuing the vocation to which he was primarily trained.

Hanlan asks nothing but a fair field.

Beach will not come to America, and therefore, those who would lower his pride must go to him. Hanlan is willing to make the venture, but not on the Parramatta. This Mr. Thompson knows, and therefore, might have saved his breath. However, the information received was that he was an Australian paper dated Nov. 26. Since that time a cablegram has been received stating that Beach will row on the Nepean. If that is confirmed then a race between the pair appears a certainty, providing that there is no disagreement as to the date and that Gaudaur should not beat his fellow-countryman at their meeting next June. Even if he should there would yet be a chance of Hanlan entering a big sweep-stake race with Beach, Gaudaur, Teemer and perhaps Materson.

There is talk of a national organization to embrace every legitimate jockey club from ocean to ocean. Such a move would result in stringent rules that would protect alike the clubs and the public.

It would put a stop to the many frauds now in vogue and purify the turf. It is also thought that a step in this direction would bring many reputable gentlemen into the turf circles and strengthen the existing association.

In regard to the Smith and Knifton fiasco in England, one thing strikes me very forcibly as showing treachery in the camp. If the authorities had desired to catch the men in the act of fighting, why did they not follow the van and wait until hostilities had been commenced?

Does it not appear as if they knew perfectly well that no fight was intended, and that somebody was anxious to put a final stopper on the transaction? Of course each side blames the other but disclosure will probably ensue that will effectually point to the wrong-doers in this wretched business, and we shall see if the Professional Boxing Association will take any action in a matter which directly comes within their province.

NEW RULES OF THE LONDON PRIZE RING.

1-That the ring shall be made on turf, and shall be four and twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. That in the centre of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed a scratch.

2-That each man shall be attended to the ring by a second and a bottle-holder. That the combatants, on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of position, which adjusted, the winner shall choose his corner according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto; the loser taking the opposite diagonal corner.

3-That each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a color suitable to his own fancy, and that the seconds shall entwine these handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes. That these handkerchiefs shall be called the "colors;" and that the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession as the trophy of victory.

4-That two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backers to watch the progress of the battle, and take exception to any breach of the rules, unless otherwise agreed on, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and that the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final, and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute or in the issue of the battle. That this official shall receive out of the stakes a sum of 25 per cent. for officiating, such sum to be deducted by the stakeholder either from the amount of the winnings in the case of a win or in equitable proportions from each stake in the event of a draw. No payment to be made in the event of a forfeit or of the referee not being called upon to act. That the umpires shall be provided with a watch for the purpose of calling time; and that they mutually agree upon which this duty shall devolve, the call of that umpire only to be attended to, and no other person whatever, except the referee when appealed to, shall interfere in calling time. That the referee shall withhold all opinions till appealed to by the umpires, and that the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

5-That on the men being stripped it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arise as to insertion of improper substances therein, they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct what alterations shall be made.

6-That in future the spikes in the fighting boots shall be confined to three in number; two to be placed in the broadest part of the sole and one in the heel; and that in the event of a man's wearing any other spikes, either in the toes or elsewhere, he shall be compelled either to remove them or provide other boots properly spiked, the penalty for refusal to be a loss of the stakes.

7-That both men being ready, each shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen; and the seconds on the one side, and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immediately leave the ring, and there remain till the round be finished, on no pretence whatever approaching their principals during the round, without permission from the referee. The penalty to be the loss of the battle to the offending parties.

8-That at the conclusion of the round, when one or both of the men shall be down, the seconds and bottle-holders shall step into the ring and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and that no person whatever be permitted to interfere in this duty.

9-That on the expiration of thirty seconds the umpire appointed shall cry "Time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his bottle-holder and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided; the seconds and bottle-holders immediately leaving the ring. The penalty for either of them remaining eight seconds after the call of time to be the loss of the battle to his principal; and that either man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds, shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

10-That on no consideration whatever shall any person, except the seconds or the referee, be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and that in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes or stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man who in his honest opinion shall have the best of the contest.

11-That the seconds and bottle-holders shall not interfere, advise or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to the principals.

12-That in picking up their men, should the seconds or bottle-holders wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle on the decision of the referee.

13-That it shall be a fair "stand-up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

14-That butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

15-That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down, shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of these positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

16-That a blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and that, in a close, seizing an antagonist below the waist, by the thigh, or otherwise, shall be deemed foul.

17-That all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting shall be deemed foul.

18-That kicking, or deliberately falling on an antagonist with the knees or otherwise when down, shall be deemed foul.

19-That all bets shall be paid as the battle money, after a fight, is awarded.

20-That no person, under any pretence whatever, shall be permitted to approach nearer the ring than ten feet, with the exception of the umpires and referee, and the persons appointed to take charge of the water or other refreshment for the combatants, who shall take their seats close to the corners selected by the seconds.

21-That due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day, and where the battle-money is to be given up, and that he be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee; that all parties be strictly bound by these rules, and that in future all articles of agreement for a contest be entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules.

22-That in the event of managerial or other interference, or in case of darkness coming on, the referee shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the same day, or as soon after as may be.

23-That should the fight not be decided on the day, all bets shall be drawn, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets shall stand and be decided by the event. The battle money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon.

24-That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

25-That on an objection being made by the seconds or umpire the men shall retire to their corners, and there remain until the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained; that if pronounced "foul," the battle shall be at an end, but if "fair," "time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after that shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

26-That if a man leaves the ring, either to escape punishment, or for any other purpose, without the permission of the referee, unless he is involuntarily forced out, he shall forfeit the battle.

27-That the use of hard substances, such as stones, or sticks, or of resin, in the hand during the battle shall be deemed foul, and that on the regulation of the seconds of either man the accused shall open his hands for the examination of the referee.

28-That hanging on the ropes shall be deemed foul. That a man held by the neck against the stakes, or upon or against the ropes, shall be considered down, and all interference with him in that position shall be foul. That if a man in any way makes use of the ropes or stakes to aid him in squeezing his adversary, he shall be deemed the loser of the battle; and that if a man in a close reaches the ground with his knees, his adversary shall immediately loose him or lose the battle.

29-That all stage fights be as nearly as possible in conformity with the foregoing rules.

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J. M. Boston.—No.
E. L. Lyon, Mass.—No.
S. M. S. New York.—No.
M. W. Portsmouth, N. H.—No.
P. W. S. Silverton, Col.—B wins.
E. G. W.—We have not the address.
Somerset, Buffalo, N. Y.—B is wrong.
S. B. Olean, N. Y.—We have no record.
D. A. O. L. Washington, D. C.—B wins.
CONWAY READS, Norfolk, Va.—B wins.
J. B. Oury, Col.—Yes; at Chicago, Ill.
ADONIS FREN, Portsmouth, Va.—B wins.
W. R. W. Danville.—Straights are the highest.
S. M. C. Brockton, Col.—Twenty-nine points.
W. R. East Saginaw, Mich.—Eighty-seven rounds.
E. G. Paterson, N. J.—John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15 1868.

G. T. G. New York City.—Apply to Billy Edwards, Hoffman House.
S. B. G. Utica, N. Y.—J. D. Hayes is Michael C. Conley's backer.

F. T. Mincoka, Ill.—B wins, if the \$5 he wagered was included.
Wm. W. Rawlins, W. T.—Ten (10) figures and the same the world over.

W. B. Burlington, Iowa.—We cannot give you any information on the subject.

J. A. Readville, Mass.—The battle between Heenan and Sayers ended in a draw.

R. A. Elmira.—1. Muldoon, the wrestler, is about 5 feet 8 inches in height. 2. Yes.

E. T. C. Weeping Water, Neb.—He need not show the other cards unless he is called.
E. H. Lincoln, Neb.—We do not know the party you refer to and have not his address.

D. H. S. Yale University, New Haven, Conn.—There is no book published on wrestling.

W. D. Parsons, Pa.—We cannot advertise firms free gratis. Procure a business directory.
A. B. Troy, N. Y.—There will be no walking match between Sergeant Bates and Carey.

A. READS, Ridgeway, Pa.—1. Why certainly not. 2. John L. Sullivan won on his merits.

W. G. P. Louisville.—Chas. Westhall, the famous English pedestrian, died Oct. 12, 1886.

M. J. Fort Fetterman, W. T.—Three lives, Jack of hearts, five of hearts (deck head) at cribbage is 29.

H. C. Columbus, O.—Josh Hudson beat Jem Ward in 14 rounds, lasting 36 minutes, on Nov. 11, 1883.

J. D. Boston.—John L. Sullivan only fought once according to the rules of the American prize ring.

F. P. S. Worcester, Mass.—34 seconds by H. M. Johnson. 1. Sullivan weighs 220 pounds untrained.

J. B. Escanaba, Mich.—Hard gloves. 2. Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought in Boone County, Kentucky.

A. READS, New York.—Send 10c. and we will mail you a copy of the Police Gazette with Dempsey's record.

J. M. Havana, N. Y.—Aaron Jones, the pugilist, did not fight any more after he was defeated by Mike McCool.

M. J. B. Phoenix, Pa.—There is ample room between the towers of the bridge for vessels and boats to pass through.

M. D. Portland, Me.—Address Prof. Mike Donovan, at the New York Athletic Club, Sixth Avenue, New York City.

A. C. Lowell, Mass.—1. Edward Hanlan is a Canadian. 2. Tom Paddock and Sam Hurst fought on Nov. 6, 1880. 3. No.

F. H. City.—Maurice Vignaux was beaten by Jos. Dion in the first game at the Collier's cushion carom tournament in 1882.

W. R. Carson City.—1. John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan fought on Oct. 20, 1883. 2. Morrissey was declared the winner.

C. G. Stott Bar.—The steamer Alida made some years ago the trip from New York to Albany, 145 miles, in 5 hours 21 minutes.

F. C. Paterson, N. J.—In 1824, Castle Garden was transferred into a place of amusement, and in 1855 it was turned into an emigrant depot.

H. MILLER, Marysville, Mo.—1. The first elevated railroad in this city was completed and operated in Greenview street on May 10, 1886. 2. About 1880.

J. E. K. Bridgeport, Pa.—Pete McCoy, when he fought Dominick McCaffrey, at Boston, weighed 168 pounds; McCaffrey, 164 pounds. The referee was John L. Sullivan.

M. S. Topeka.—1. Tom Johnson's proper name was Tom Jackson. He fought for the championship of England in 1785. 2. He was born in 1750. He died in Cork, Ireland, Jan. 21, 1797.

G. J. Manchester, Eng.—A Williamson of Charleston, has won the Sheffield handicap four times and ran second six times, which is a better record than any other competitor who ever ran in the race.

D. H. Fort Fetterman.—Our time is too valuable to study out problems and numerical puzzles. Perhaps some of our readers will like to make out the problem. He wants to know how many different ways can 39 4 7 5 3, 6 1 8 be added together to count 15.

Strawberry Blues, Ketchum, Idaho.—No. 1 and No. 2, who threw 43, must throw again for the gold watch, then the one throwing the highest wins the gold watch, and the other having thrown 43 takes first pick of the silver watches, and No. 25, who threw 42, takes the other silver watch.

E. M. C. Bridgeport.—Pete McCoy and Dominick McCaffrey fought at Boston, Aug. 25, 1884. McCoy weighed 168 pounds and McCaffrey 164. John L. Sullivan acted as referee. The fight ended in a row in the third round. McCoy is a middle-weight and weighed 151 pounds when he fought Jack Dempsey.

R. H. Leadville, Col.—John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell were never matched to fight for money consequently Sullivan did not forfeit. Sullivan and Mitchell were matched to fight for gate money at Madison Square Garden and Sullivan was sick and not able to meet Mitchell. They were again to meet, but the match fell through.

S. W. Omaha.—The following are Wm. Beach's (of Dapto, Australia) measurements and proportions: Height, 5 feet 10 1/4 inches; round the chest, 42 inches; round the forearm, 16 inches; round the biceps muscle, 13 inches; the thickest part of the thigh, 21 inches; round the calf of the leg, 17 inches; weight, in condition, 12 stone 5 pounds.

J. P. Clinton, Iowa.—1. Tim Collins, the English light-weight pugilist, fought Jerry Hawkes, Bob Furze, Joe Bent, Pickett Hutton's "Spider," Dakman, Cronin, Jim Rawlins and Bill Gillan, all in this country. 2. He is now in the insane asylum in Massachusetts, an incurable maniac. 3. Yes; he did fight Billy Edwards, but the battle ended in a draw.

D. M. Bangor, Me.—The following is the full score of the 6-day bicycle race at Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 30, 1886:

	Miles.	Laps.	Miles.	Laps.	Armaido.
Monday	317	1	315	3	231
Tuesday	233	5	234	6	178
Wednesday	200	4	200	1	168
Thursday	215	—	215	—	178
Friday	150	—	225	—	157
Saturday	40	—	205	—	125
Total	1,155	—	1,405	—	1,049

Schock beat the best record for a 6-day race—his own, 1,404 miles.



A RATTLING MAIN.

THE DESPERATE WEEK-LONG CHALLENGE BATTLE BETWEEN GEORGIA AND ARKANSAS COCKS WON BY F. E. GRIST'S CHAMPION, RICHARD K. FOX.



THE DUTCHMAN'S REMEDY.

HOW A CROWD OF ROYSTERING COWBOYS WERE TREATED TO A DOSE OF SOOTHING SYRUP ON A NORTHERN PACIFIC TRAIN AT MANDAN, DAKOTA TERRITORY.



DUNCAN C. ROSS,

THE CHAMPION MOUNTED SWORDSMAN OF THE WORLD.

The President in the Tombs.

Lawyer John Stacom walked up to Justice White at the Tombs, New York, the other day, and, placing something on the desk, said:

"I offer this, your Honor, as bail for a friend for violation of the Excise law."

His Honor looked at the parcel and shoved it away, saying:

"I can't take a piece of glass for bail."

Then he was informed that the matter under consideration was the largest finished diamond in the United States, called the "President," of 52 carat weight and cut with 54 facets, its value being \$45,000. It was brought from the Kimberly mines in South Africa in 1885 by Charles Levy, and was originally 125 carat weight. It outranks the celebrated "Cleveland," owned by Minnie Palmer, and costing \$10,000. The "Pres-

ident" was four months in cutting, and was completely finished in New York. The gem was handed around the court, each one being anxious to handle it, and the splendid diamonds worn by the Court and the clerks "paled their ineffectual fires" before its brilliancy. It is the fourth largest in the world.

It is said that when a cigar maker gets right malicious and desires to do his employer great damage he gets to work on the best brand and then puts a single hair from his head in each cigar. This trick is exceedingly difficult to detect, and will destroy the flavor of every cigar it is applied to, with a far reaching injury to the reputation of the brand. The amount of vengeance contained in an average two-for-five cent cigar passes calculation.



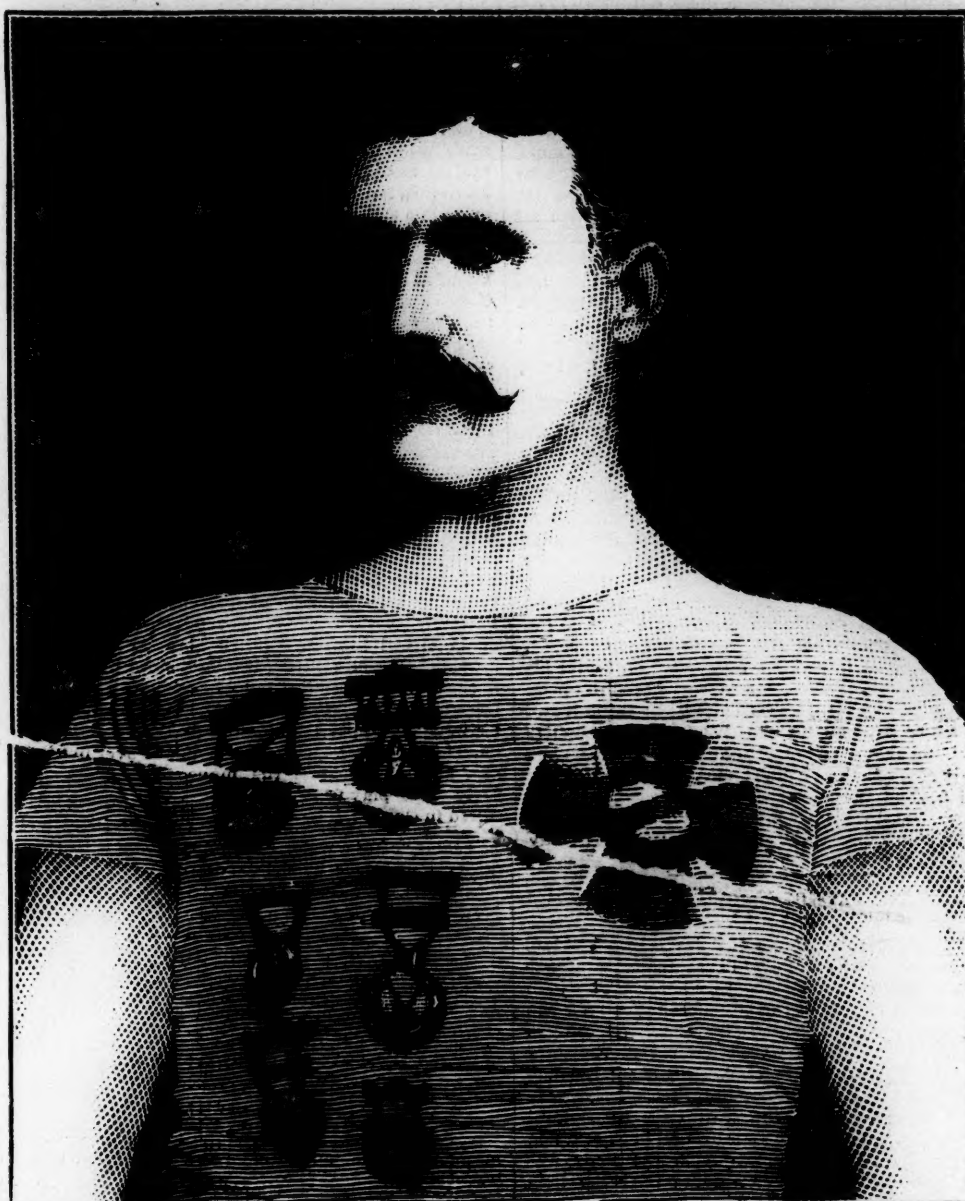
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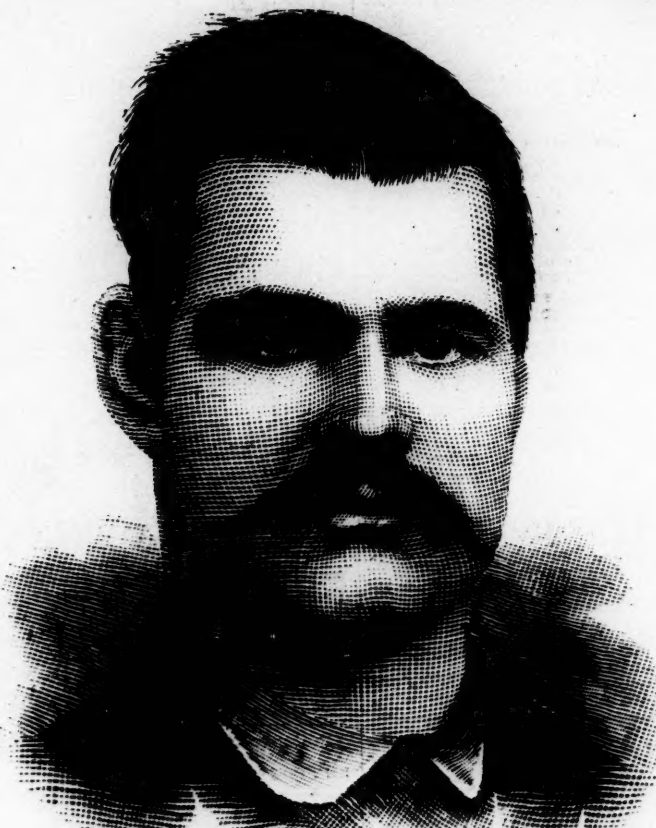
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Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by **Docuta** Sarsaparilla. In seven days' avoid imitations; buy Docuta. It is genuine. Full directions. Price \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All druggists.

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Something worth \$1,000 to any man, for 25c. Money refunded on return of the article if not satisfactory. **THE PERU CHEM CO., Milwaukee, Wis.**

ARTISTS' MODELS.—Two girls, fine forms, blonde and brunette, will pose for artists. Will send photos (no tights), two for 50c. Address **P. O. Box 277, Chicago.**

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100 rare Stage Beauties (cabinet), 25c. "In the Act" and "Caught At It," 25c.; all, 3c. **J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.**

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MEDICAL.

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Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood, BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, ½ drachm.
Jerabehn, ½ drachm.
Helonias Dioica, ½ drachm.
Geisemph, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatue amarae (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s. **Mix.**

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by returning \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on **NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.**

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The Worst Curse of Life, the common cause of Weakness and Early Decay of Mind, Nerves and Body, Producing Sexual Decay, Lost Power, Drains, Night Losses, Falling Fits, Weak Memory, Pimples, Clammy Hands, Warts, Eruptions, Tetter, Rashness, Paralysis, Wasting and Smallness of Organs, Varicocele, &c.

Perfect, Lasting Cure & Full Vigor. Full Strength, Potency and Development of Parts, with new Brain and Nerve Power, or we forfeit \$1000. We use only the wonderful

Craige Medicated Pearls. No Humbug, Guess-work, or Experiment. **POSITIVE PROOFS,** Doctors' Evidence, History of the Disease, List of Cases, Testimonials, Symptoms, Method and Prices treated. **FREE!** Strictest Secrecy. Consultation Free. Address **CRAIGIE MED. CLINIC, 55 Nassau St. New York.**

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